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LADY ELOISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Her dusk hair dropping rich about her face—
A fair, patrician face, supremely pure
Of plebeian roses—Lady Eloise
Drooped in a high-bred, listless elegance
Over a dainty pearl lined escritoir,
Full, to the brim, of costly souvenirs
And perfumed billets, carelessly tied up
With golden cords, and labelled with the name
Of either writer, as flower fanciers
Might label choice exotics separately;
(And, like moss roses, each one bearing thorns
Behind the velvet of their blushing leaves
To prick the hapless lover, at the last,
For being a lover of proud Eloise.)
A sudden shadow—not of her dark hair—
Flits tremulously across her lovely face,
And the red lips that tightly on the pearls
A smile, but now, was showing; Eloise!
Are there old memories of higher things
Than waltz, and rout, and opera, tied up
In that frail package? yellow with the dust
Five summer times have left upon the snow
Of its fond pages. Poor Paul Ravenel!
Why should you start and tremble, Lady Weare?
The English daisies grow so thick and white
Betwixt your foot and the long silent heart
It trampled on—you could not feel it beat,
Tho' it should break into a wilder pulse
Of passionate pain, than shook it the dim eve
In your old park, beneath your antique trees.
In cold rebuke of some mad words of his
You showed the hand—the hand that *he* had kissed—
With St. Maur's ring upon it! Thoughtless girl,
You did a wicked, wicked cruel thing
The day you took the ribbon from your hair
And tying it into a quaint love-knot
Bade Ravenel wear it evermore, and be
Your own true Knight—the while your silken curls
Swept like a storm against his passionate lips
And burning brow—meshing a faithful heart—
In that long canter on the Suffolk downs.

* * * * * * * *

The balmy winds that stir your silken vest,
And sway the azure draperies sweeping low
From golden fretwork—angels, and the like,
(Carved in *your* semblance!) wail around his grave.
The fading sunset, that has touched your hair
With solemn glory, haunts his grassy roof
And hangs its flickering garlands on the grey
And mossy tablet at his quiet head—
"Paul Ravenel, a Poet—early dead."
A ring of iron hoofs drifts up the park
On a long wave of dimly rustling sounds.
Put up those mournful relics of the past,
And gather up your wildly straying locks
In stately bandeaux—Earl St. Maur is come!
You are too pale to wear that crimson flower,
And these dark velvets make you ghostlier still:
Put on the floating summer tints *he* loved,
Paul Ravenel—the luscious tinge of rose,
Or virgin silver flushed with violet
Like a Spring morning. So, clasp on the pearls,
And go to meet him who has gold enough
To *buy* your love—which Ravenel had not.

Hill Side—Summer.

MY BROTHER'S WIFE.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HEART'S MISGIVING.

"Monsieur will find Ma'm'selle Marguerite in the little salon," said Elise, curtseying.

Elise was the pretty fille de-chambre, and the "little salon" I have already mentioned as that which had been assigned to Margaret for her private sitting room and studio.

She was not there, however, and I even fancied that I had heard her flying footsteps on the stairs. She had never shunned me before, and the suspicion for one moment vexed me. Then I smiled.

"Some woman's vanity," I murmured to myself. "Some ribbon or collar to be adjusted! Childish little Marguerite!"

I could not help finding something pleasant in this explanation, and, musing over it, sat down and looked around me.

The tokens of her presence were scattered everywhere about—the very atmosphere of the room, heavy as it was with the perfume of acacia flowers and verbena, seemed to retain somewhat of herself. On yonder chair were laid her gloves and shawl—here, on the chimney-piece, her open book—upon the table beside the window, her pencils and drawing-paper, and that little bronze Apollo which I had given to her only yesterday. Her fingers, perhaps, have but just left the ivory keys of the piano—this mirror, perchance, has but a moment since reflected back the semblance of her features!

All this is something to imagine, and several minutes glide away unnoticed. Presently, however, I wonder why she does not return, and then, growing impatient, I rise and take one or two turns about the room. Her book! Let us see what it is that she has been reading—Saintine's "Picciola." The most exquisite and chaste of prison-stories, and one meet for a gentle maiden's studying. Her drawing!—what criticism can I make upon it before her arrival? As yet the outline is barely sketched, and—

Why, what is this! A tear-drop yet undried and blistering on the paper! Another on the table close beside it! Tears! tears from my gentle Margaret's eyes—those eyes which I had fondly hoped would never weep again, unless for joy!

This explained the mystery of her flight and subsequent delay. I paced to and fro, and to and fro, in my agitation and dismay. What could have occurred? Why had I not come before? Would she never arrive?

I was on the point, at last, of ringing the bell for Elise, when the door opened and she entered, pale, silent, downward-looking.

I went over and took her hands in mine. There were the traces of weeping in her white lips and cheeks and red eyelids. She trembled, too; and her hands were burning.

"Margaret," I said, looking down earnestly upon her, "Margaret, you are not well."

"I am well," she answered in a low voice.

"Your hands are feverish—you tremble. What is the matter?"

"Nothing is the matter."

She tried to move away, but I detained her.

"Nay, stand here in the light, Margaret, and let me look at you. You have been weeping!"

She shook her head, but I repeated it.

"Yes, Margaret, you have been weeping. That forced smile cannot deceive me. Look here!"

And leading her to the table, I pointed to the tear-drop on the paper. She turned aside from my grave scrutiny, and, looking upon the floor—

"I cannot help thinking sometimes of—of my father," she murmured, hesitatingly.

"You are evading the question, Margaret," I said, sternly. "Is it possible that you can stoop to an equivocation?"

She remained silent, and kept her eyes fixed upon the ground.

"Can you look me in the face, Margaret, and say again that you were weeping for your father? If you do, I will believe you."

No reply.

"Tell me that it was true, Margaret, and I will entreat your pardon'" She looked up at me, paler than before.

"It was false," she said, firmly, but with a quivering lip.

I drew a chair close beside her, and once more took her hand between both of mine.

"Margaret, dear Margaret," I said, gently, "you have had some annoyance—suffered some pain to-day, and I must know it. I have the right to share all your pains as well as all your pleasures, and if I am not to possess your confidence, who is? Come, tell me all. Has madame been unkind to you?"

She shook her head.

"Have any of the servants or pupils displeased you?"

"None."

"What is it, then? Some one must have hurt the feelings of my little Margaret."

"Oh, no one! no one! Every one is too good to me—better, better than I deserve, a thousand times! You, Monsieur, most of all!"

She says this with a burst of eager vehemence, and snatching her hand away from mine, covers her face, and falls into a passion of tears.

In doing this, I see a ring upon her finger, a plain, hair ring, which I have never observed there before! A new and startling doubt flits across my mind, and strikes me with a sudden anguish such as I never thought to feel again.

"Margaret, look up!" I cried, seizing that hand and forcing it from her face. "What ring is this? Whence came it? Answer me truly, for I *will* know!"

She shuddered, glanced upward for an instant, and replied in a trembling voice,

"I cannot tell you."

"You shall tell me, Margaret. Remember who I am!"

The fury of my tone, so far from intimidating, seemed to give her resolution. She looked up calmly and steadily in my face, folded her hands together, and said,

"I will not."

The sight of her pale courage subdued me—my voice faltered.

"For your father's sake, Margaret! For your father's sake!"

The tears gathered in her beautiful eyes, and rolled slowly down her cheeks.

"Not for my father's sake," she answered, softly.

"Oh, Margaret, what is this terrible secret which you are concealing? Tell it to me, Margaret—if not for his sake, tell it for mine? For my sake, Margaret!"

She clasped her hands imploringly, and laid her head down upon the table, sobbing bitterly.

"Oh, forgive me," she said, "forgive me! Do not ask me—give me time—oh, what shall I do? what shall I do?"

Her sorrow tore my heart. I went over to her, and laid my hand upon her shoulder.

"Nay, then, child," I said, falteringly, "keep thy secret. It must needs be innocent, like thee. I will be content, and ask no more."

I took her head between my hands, pressed a kiss upon her hot brow, and left the room without one backward glance.

I do not wish to remember the agony of mind which I endured that night, or the torturing pity which, in spite of all, I could not help feeling for her. Till many hours past midnight, I paced the opposite side of the street in which she lived, watching the pale light from her window; and, when that was extinguished, finding some consolation in the thought that she slept peacefully.

Oh, gentle Margaret, hadst thou but heard the measured echo of my steps! Hadst thou but known the prayers which thy silence wrung from these lips, as I passed to and fro in the moonlight, like some phantom of the night!

CHAPTER XX.

"UPON A SUNSHINE HOLY DAY."

Three days without seeing her—three weary, solitary days! It was the first time that I had so remained away, and I could bear it no longer.

Perhaps she, too, had been lonely and unhappy. This last thought decided me, and I went.

The day was resplendently fine: a cool breath of purer air came from the westward, and the white buildings and streets of the town glared painfully in the sunlight. The driver of a little open vehicle held up his whip invitingly to me as I went along. He was a good-tempered, red-faced, jovial-looking fellow, with a bunch of clover-blossoms in his buttonhole. The carriage, too, appeared clean and new, and the horse wore a green bough upon his shaggy head, to keep off the predatory flies.

I paused and hesitated.

"Suppose," I said to myself, "that I took her and the little Clemence for a country holiday, and trusted to time and opportunity for an explanation of the past! Suppose, if it be only for a day, that I endeavor to enjoy the pleasant Now, and banish the Hereafter!"

The driver held up his whip again—I thought of Margaret's pale cheeks, of quiet lanes, and woods, and wayside flowers; and, replying to his signal by a smile, jumped in, and directed him to drive to the Rue de Leopold.

To reach there, to alight, to make my way rapidly across the courtyard, and up to the door of her little studio, occupied but a few rapid moments—to open the door softly and by degrees, to enter unperceived and steal up to the back of her chair as she bent low over her drawing, to stand there silently watching the touches of her pencil, and the coming and going of her breath, all this was more difficult and more delightful, and took longer to accomplish.

She was still at work upon the bronze Apollo, not much farther advanced, I noticed sadly, than when I last approached that table and looked down upon the outline. She had been, perhaps, too sorrowful to proceed, and I fancied, though I could see but a very small portion of her cheek, that she looked even paler than was usual with her. Poor Margaret! I felt so grieved for her grief, that I almost forgot my own distress at being excluded from her confidence.

So! that arm a little longer and more elevated—yes! As if she had heard my thought outspoken, her careful pencil corrected, and retouched, and travelled on. A haughtier curl, Margaret, to that imperial lip—more freedom in the backward-falling locks—more power to the hand that grasps the bow! Ah! she effaces it with bread, and tries again. No! less effective, if anything, than before! One more trial—now a light, firm outline, and a steady perusal of the copy! Quietly, my pupil, no haste—no excitement—no—

"Admirable! The very inspiration of the Sun-god!"

Margaret suppresses a scream, drops the pencil from her fingers, and falls back, trembling and blushing, into her seat.

"How you have alarmed me, monsieur!" she exclaims, pressing her hands upon her heart. It leaps so wildly that I can almost see it beating there against her side.

"I did not intend to startle you, Margaret, thus suddenly. The words escaped me unawares. I had been watching you for many minutes, and had observed the previous failures; so, you see, when the success was achieved, I forgot myself, and could not control the expression of my pleasure. But I am not here to-day to praise, or blame, or play the drawing-master—I have come to take you for a holyday this lovely morning, a holyday in the country."

"A holyday in the country—how delicious!"

She looked up at me with that grateful expression of quiet satisfaction to which I was accustomed from her, and began hastily to put away her drawing. How her hands trembled as she did so, and the quick blushes kept rising and fading at every word! Never before had I seen her so fluttered and agitated—but then, to be sure, never before had I so startled and surprised her.

"Now, Margaret, call hither the little Clemence, and I will wait while you make ready. I charge you not to outwear my patience with any 'silken dalliance in the wardrobe,' for our carriage waits below."

Whether it were the unwonted luxury of the drive and the rejoicing aspect of the summer morning, or whether it arose from the apparent cheerfulness and ease of my own manner, I cannot tell; but the timidity with which she at first received me vanished quite away before an hour had elapsed. Indeed I do not remember ever to have known Margaret more childishly happy. The general placidity and reserve of her character seemed to yield to the influence of that glowing sky, as the snow-drift melts and dances, sparkling, in the sunlight.

She rose up in the carriage to look round at the level harvest-fields and the distant city spires—she alighted ere she had well nigh travelled a couple of miles, to fill her lap with honeysuckle and wild convolvuli from the roadside—she clapped her hands with delight at the sight of a small white butterfly; and imitated in her sweet, low voice the prolonged shake of the nightingales that peopled the shadowy plantations of poplars and dark pines. As for Clemence, sitting by silently in a corner of the carriage, she was by far the graver and sedater of the two.

For my part, I encouraged her mood by an assumption of unembarrassed kindness which cost me, at the first, a strong effort, but which merged, ere long, into a sentiment of real satisfaction. Her smiles reassured me. I felt that to be thus innocently gay, her secret, if she had one, must be pure and maidenly; and presently the very remembrance of it seemed fading from my mind.

Towards noon we reached a small town, and, staying at the door of the solitary hotel, bade the driver look to his horses, ordered an early dinner from the smiling landlady, and wandered out on foot to stroll in the forest.

It was not what I should understand by the name of a forest, accustomed as I was to the old umbrageous labyrinths of mossy trees that skirted the horizon round about my fair Burgundian home—it was rather a few level acres, regularly planted with the slender fir and pine, and affording a pleasant promenade for students and young lovers.

Here Clemence seemed to wake from her silent apathy and ran in and out the trees seeking, with Margaret, for wild strawberries and "purple dewberries" in the long grass and tangled underwood. Yet, even in this search, the child was unlike other children, and pursued it with a quiet industry and a grave, composed demeanor that contrasted oddly with the innocent gayety of her older companion. She laughed but seldom, and then softly to herself, as if laughter were a thing to be subdued and conquered. Even when she ran, it was utterly without the buoyant precipitation and careless eagerness of infancy. She was a strange child, and my attention became more and more drawn to her with every time I saw her.

Thus they amused themselves gathering wild fruits and acorns, and finding the brown pine-cones that lay scattered here and there beneath the trees, while I wandered near, keeping them in sight and indulging myself in "fancies wild and sweet." Growing weary after a while, they sat down to rest at the foot of an alder that overhung a deep, clear pool towards the skirts of the forest, and here, as it was not yet time to return, the child besought me to tell her a fairy-story.

"A fairy-story, little one! but what if I know none?"

Clemence shook her little dark head and fixed her eyes full upon me.

"I am sure you know one," she said, seriously. "Margaret says you do."

"I never told Margaret a fairy-story," I rejoined, laughing. "How should she know that I can do it?"

Margaret blushed and laughed too, and said she thought that Monsieur could do it, if he liked—just to please Clemence!

"Well, then, I must try; but as I know of none I must even invent one for the purpose. You must give me some few minutes to consider, and—stay! I have it—but it is not a fairy-tale, Clemence."

"Oh, no matter if it is pretty. What is its name?"

"I hardly know—suppose we call it 'The Angel and the Wanderer!'"

"I like that name very much."

She crept up closer to Margaret and laid her head down upon her shoulder. Sitting thus, with her pale cheek half turned away, her large dark eyes bent downwards in listening expectation, and her little slender figure curled up, as it were, beneath the folds of Margaret's shawl, she looked so sallow and elfin that one might almost have taken her for Goethe's Mignon in person. After gazing at the pair for a moment as they sat thus in quaint companionship, I began my story.

THE ANGEL AND THE WANDERER.

"There was an angel hovering over a great city by night.

"It was so dark and the mist so thick, that the church spires looked like shadowy figures pointing heavenwards, and the tall masts of ships along the river, like the lances and pennons of a hostile armament.

"Scarce a footstep echoed along the wet pavements; scarce a shop threw its broad light out into the deserted streets. It was late—the cold wind rushed moaning on its way, and the rain came heavily down, blurring the pale light of the flickering gas-lamps.

"Still the angel flew on, though the rain spared not his white wings; for he was a good angel, and it was his mission to watch over the hearts of young children; to protect them from evil thoughts and angry impulses; and to bring pleasant dreams to the slumbers of those who had been good and truthful and obedient all the day.

"Presently he passed within sight of a small courtyard, at the end of which stood a large white house with all its windows lighted—and he paused in his flight, for he saw a figure crouched up against the wall, just within the shadow of the archway that opened into the courtyard from the street.

"It was a poor little Italian image-vender, with his tray of plaster figures laid beside him. His eyes were closed, his black hair fell in long damp locks over his face, and the tears with which he had cried himself asleep were yet wet upon his cheeks. One cold hand was sheltered in the breast of his jacket, and the other had fallen listlessly on the ground. The angel bent low and dropped a tear upon the little hand, it was so wasted!

"He was weary and sleepy and hungry. He had not sold one image all that day, and he was dreaming of his cruel master, and of the heavy punishment that awaited him. But the Angel pressed his lips upon the pale forehead, and folded his wings around the shrinking form, and the bad dreams fled away, and he slept peacefully.

"Still he was chilled and weak for need of bread, and the Angel's heart of mercy was troubled. He looked up at the great house: its bright windows were crossed and re-crossed by the shadows of the dancers, and the sounds of music and laughter were loud within.

"'Alas!' said the Angel, 'they are too happy to heed me!'

"Hark! there were footsteps coming quickly along the street! It was a wealthy old citizen hastening home from a card-party. He had lost money at the game, and he was out of temper with the weather and with himself.—The Angel flew out of the passage and clung to him.

"'Help!' he cried. 'Help for the cold and the hungry.'

"The citizen shuddered and drew the collar of his coat closer round his neck.

"'How the wind whistles into one's ears!' muttered he, and passed by.

"So the Angel flew back, and strove to warm his little charge by breathing on his cold lips and eyelids; but in vain. They grew colder and colder, and still the music and dancing in the great house went merrily on.

"Another passenger!

"It was a poor needlewoman returning from her day's labor. A good, earnest woman, thinking of her children at home, and never hearing the gentle voice of the appealing Angel.

"'Help! help!' he sighed. 'Shelter and food! shelter and food!'

"'What a thick, raw mist!' said the poor needlewoman. 'Tis like a cloud before one! Maybe, though, 'tis the long day's work that makes my eyes weak.'

"But it was the two white wings that she saw fluttering in her path, only she did not know it; and even the sacred tears that he wept down upon her face she mistook for rain-drops borne upon the wind—and so passed by.

"Still the Angel watched and waited, and still the music and dancing in the great house went merrily on.

"The sleeper moaned and feebly murmured 'Mother!'

"He was dreaming—dreaming of his far home beside the blue sea. That home where the shadows of the vine-leaves round the porch flickered on the floor in the bright sunshine—where his gentle mother sat spinning on the threshold, and his little brothers played with shells and seaweeds at her feet, and all the days were happy.

"Then the Angel flew up to the windows of the great house, and looked in, and saw a party of merry children dancing gaily together, and a group of elder persons sitting by, and watching them with smiles. The chandeliers were shining overhead; the room rang with young voices; the floor echoed the quick touches of their light feet. The Angel clasped his hands in despair.

"'Help, help, before it is too late!'

"And he dashed himself against the window and filled the air with his cries.

"'Listen to the rain,' said an old white-headed gentleman, who was standing close by with two or three others. 'Hear how it beats upon the panes.'

"'Ay, and to the wind,' replied one near him, taking a pinch of snuff from a jewelled box. 'It howls like a human voice. Bad weather, my lord, for the shipping.'

"And they spoke of it and noticed it no more.

"So the Angel went back and took the outcast in his arms, and pressed him to his divine heart. But the little cheek still grew colder and colder, and the faint breath fell more faintly—and an hour went by.

"Then a carriage with bright lamps and pawing horses drove up and waited before the archway. Then another and another, till presently there was a long row of them waiting in the street. And very soon the door of the house was opened, and, amid the blaze of lights and gleamings of many faces, a gentleman and lady with three little children appeared upon the steps.

"But this time the Angel was silent, and just as they came forward he unwound his loving arms from round the boy, and stood apart.

"'Eh! what is this!' cried the gentleman, starting back as his foot touched the figure crouching by the wall. 'A boy asleep!'

"The servant snatched a lamp from the carriage—more gentlemen came crowding round—they tried in vain to rouse him as he lay.—The first gentleman stooped down and held the light to his face. It was very white. He took the cold hand in his, and it dropped heavily as he released it.

"'Great heaven!' cried he, looking round upon the rest. 'The child is dead!'

"Then the Angel, weeping and invisible, spread his white wings, and, with a long, sad wail, soared up into the night, far from the archway and the wondering throng around it. Onward he went, and onward, till the lights all faded away, and the site of the great city lay dark and indistinct beneath his feet. And presently there was a sound of rushing wings behind him, and another Angel, bright and beautiful as the morning, overtook him, and said:

"'Whence comes my sorrowful brother?'

"'I come,' said the Angel, 'from the great city. I have seen men, in their blind selfishness, reject the voice of pity, and I have seen a little child die from cold and hunger. Therefore am I sorrowful, and the decrees of our Master are dark before me.'

"'Dost thou question the justice of Providence?'

"'Alas!' replied the Angel, 'I question it not; but I cannot understand the death and the suffering.'

"'Look upon me,' said the radiant Stranger; 'look upon me and doubt no more. I was the soul of that little child!'

"So, hand in hand, and rejoicing together, they ascended through the mists and clouds of earth to that far space where the stars shine night and day."

The story ended, we returned to the inn.—Some rare ferns, a tiny oak no bigger than a rose-tree, some feathers fallen from the wing of the golden pheasant, and a profusion of blue and yellow field flowers, were among the treasures with which Margaret and Clemence returned laden, to the Lion d'Or, and which they stored away in the carriage as it stood, horseless and driverless, awaiting us before the door.

Then with what ceremony we sat down to our merry feast—how politely I placed my ward at the head of the table, and Clemence at my right hand—how gravely I apologised for my morning costume, and for the absence of a white waistcoat! How we jested and laughed, and drank each other's health in the frothing champagne, and praised the fresh country fare, the vegetable soup, the fowls, the omelettes, the pastry, and the rosy apples! With what reluctance we rose at last, and resumed our homeward journey along the paven country road, just as the shadows began to lengthen towards the east, and the evening light to glint between the trees on either side!

How quaint and soothing it is, this monotonous and fertile Belgian landscape! For leagues and leagues it lies sleeping all around, rich in produce as a garden, level as a desert. Here and there nods a formal plantation of willows and beeches, and the evening breeze flows over wide, luxuriant crops of barley, flax, and feathery oats, with long stripes of potatoes and other vegetables in between, and not a fence or hedgerow anywhere in sight. Sometimes we meet a lazy wagon on the road, or a group of marketwomen coming homewards from the town; sometimes we arrive at a broad and many-bridged canal, whose course, hidden till this moment by the lofty corn, is revealed to us only by the gliding sails of some boat topping the yellow grain, like a ship sailing upon land. Now and then we pass a white farm-house with tiled roof and trim garden, and, perhaps, a bower made all of ivy and cut into points or battlements by the skillful gardener. Next comes a quiet town, with its high belfry and red brick cathedral towering up above the plain; and, perchance, we hear the pleasant bells chime sadly and sweetly from turret to turret as we travel by. On all sides are windmills and feeding cattle, and long paved roads with never a curve or a hill rise to break their arrowy perspective. A land of peace and plenty.

I bade our coachman drive slowly, for we enjoyed the almost conventual stillness of the hour. Somehow a change had fallen upon our mood since we had turned our faces homeward. A softer and more chastened sentiment seemed to be inspired by the scene. Clemence slept wearily in a corner; Margaret sat beside me lost in reverie. Both were alike absorbed and silent.

Then the faint far lights of Brussels drew nearer—carriages and market-carts became more frequent on the road, and presently a few houses scattered on either side, a solitary gas-lamp, and some bills placarded on a boarding, warned us that our holyday was fast approaching its conclusion.

Just now we arrived near a little bridge crossing a narrow canal, and lit on one side by a single lamp. Beneath the lamp, with his arms resting on the parapet and his head bent down, a man stood looking at the water. There was nothing remarkable in his appearance, yet the involuntary start and catching of the breath with which Margaret leaned forward as we came in sight of him, attracted my attention.

We were moving very slowly at the time—up hill, in fact, towards the bridge, and our horse was tired. I looked earnestly into her face, but she did not heed me. Her eyes were fixed upon the stranger, and her cheeks were pale.

Suddenly he looked up and shaded his eyes with his hand, as the sound of our approach drew nearer. It was too dark, and we were too distant from him to see anything of his features; but, as if the action were convincing and she knew him, Margaret sank back in the carriage, and avoided my gaze by looking steadfastly down upon the floor.

At the same instant he turned rapidly away, and dived down a small street opening to the left. When we had crossed the bridge and reached this opening, he was out of sight.

"Margaret," I said, sternly, "what man is that!"

"I know not," she replied, faintly, and with averted head.

I said no more—urged her no farther—but leaned back sadly in my place. This time no reproaches found their way to my lips—no tears betrayed the pressure at my heart. The iron had entered into my soul, and I was silent.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DIAMOND BRACELET.

"By my faith, Seabrook, I cannot help it! I own it, 'tis a weakness, a folly, yet I cannot help it. So young, so gentle, so false! Now, before Heaven, I feel as if a star had fallen from the skies, when I remember how she is deceiving me!"

Seabrook whistled dismally—thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and walked over to the window.

"And she looks innocent! Would you believe that one could lie and play the traitress with a face so fair? Ah—I forget—you have not seen how fair—how fair she is!"

"Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?"

sang my friend, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Seabrook, you have no feeling!"

"Paul, you have no common-sense!"

He came and drew a seat close beside mine.

"Confess now," said he, with his old kindly manner, half-sad, half-sarcastic, "Confess now, that our wise and faithful guardian has played a very foolish part! Is it not natural enough to suppose that a girl of seventeen has a lover, and that she has been too shy to confess it? Was it not absurd of the most potent, grave, and reverend signor Paul, to play Dr. Bartolo to his fair ward, while some gallant Almaviva was all the while lying *perdu* in the inmost recesses of her heart? Pshaw, man! swallow the nauseous draught with as good a grace as you can muster, and finish your part according to the good old stage fashion, by forgiving and blessing the young couple as soon as you find it useless to do otherwise."

"And then sing a trio to cement our eternal union!" I said, forcing a smile.

He laughed, poured out a glass of wine, and nodded my health.

"Hush! do you hear?" said he, suddenly, pointing towards the window, and listening attentively. "What music is that?"

"'Tis the band in the park. They give an instrumental concert every evening at Velloni's."

"A concert every evening! To think that I have been a week in Brussels, and not have known that before! Let us go instantly!"

"I have no heart for such amusements, Seabrook!"

"Heart! nonsense, *mon ami*—'tis the very medicine to minister to a mind diseased! I prescribe—nay, I entreat it, Paul. Will you refuse me?"

I yield, as ever, to his gay sovereignty, and we are loitering, ere long, amid the throng of coffee-drinking and ice-eating loungers who frequent the space of sward and trees surrounding the celebrated restaurateur's. Seabrook is charmed with the music, with the company, with the gay and pleasant scene. The lights, the voices, the hurrying waiters—all serve to exhilarate him—to depress me. Amusement, to one of his joyous temperament, is food and life—to one saddened and harassed, like myself, by disappointment and doubt, is utterly intolerable. I take the opportunity, after some twenty minutes of uneasy endurance, to plead a headache, and escape by myself out into the public avenues of the park beyond.

It is not yet quite deserted in the principal walk, and around the central basin, so I turn aside into the dark quiet alleys at the back of the restaurant where the music comes to me softly through the trees, and the dark night reigns unbroken, save by a gas-lamp at rare intervals.

Here the stars twinkle down between the roofing leaves, and in the gloom and stillness of the place, my shattered nerves are soothed to somewhat like repose. I strive to think with calmness of the past and future—to arm myself for a dispassionate judgment and a generous line of action. It is hard to do this, nevertheless; and in the magnitude of the effort I discover the extent of the weakness. Whether to consult her happiness in preference to every other consideration—whether selfishly to use my power as her guardian, and—

Alas! alas, that our sternest foe should lie ambushed in our own weak hearts, and that the most brilliant of our victories should ever be the saddest humiliation of our lives!

The night deepened, and still I walked to and fro, to and fro, lost in a train of thought that absorbed my every faculty, and from which I was at length aroused by the sound of voices in a neighboring alley.

I will scarcely say "aroused," for, though I heard their footsteps on the gravel, and their very words as they passed now and then close beside me, with only the green hedge between us, I gave no head to their vicinity, and attached no meaning to their speech. Nay, more, the words were English; yet, such was the strange abstracted condition of my mind, I did not even remark that they were uttered in a foreign tongue. They fell upon my ear, but without finding their way to my mind—they were familiar to my sense, and my thoughts were at the time so earnestly engaged that I was content to hear them without asking whence they came. It has frequently occurred to me since, how singular an instance of preoccupation of mind was this, and how forcible a question of inner-duality it might suggest to the psychological student.

The voices were two—a man's and a woman's. The latter, somehow, appeared not wholly unfamiliar to me, and the murmuring sadness of their tones chimed in with my own melancholy.

Suddenly a something, which was more a shock than a suspicion, flashed over me. The woman was speaking.

"He doubts me," she said, and it seemed that she was weeping. "He doubts me. I am most unhappy!"

Margaret's voice! Oh, Heaven, Margaret's voice!

"It is unfortunate," replied her companion; "but—"

They passed, and his words grew inaudible in distance. I was neither grieved nor enraged—only powerless, breathless, overwhelmed.

Presently they returned, and the man was still speaking.

"Avow nothing," he said, as if in continuation; "you know my position, and the necessity we have for strict concealment. I am well aware how firm my little Margaret can be, the more especially—"

Again the voice died away.

The blood rushed to my head and boiled in every vein—I felt as if an iron band were tightened round my brow—I uttered a cry like the cry of some fierce animal—I spurned the dull earth madly with my heel, and struggled for very breath.

On all sides disappointment, concealment, deceit! Had I not one friend whom I could esteem and trust? Was there not one hand unarmed against me? Chilled in my childish affections—supplanted (and by whom supplanted?) in my manhood's first passion—wronged by this young creature whom I would have given fortune and energies to serve—to whom I would have devoted the cares and tenderness of a life—to whom I had resolved (Heaven knows with what unselfish purity of thought!) to supply the lost home-ties and work out my trust with holiness of purpose—for whom I was prepared, even this very night, to relinquish every personal and sordid hope, even as a father would relinquish for a child——Say, was I not tried almost beyond the bounds of patient faith? To feel a momentary resentment was not surely inexcusable—to doubt all love and fair seeming, not utterly unjustifiable?

I felt that I must see this man—this lover—face to face. I must look into his eyes and see him quail before me.

The impulse was obeyed as soon as felt. I ran with the speed of a madman down the dark pathway. It branched away to the right—I found myself getting farther and farther from the outlet which I sought—I retraced my steps—again went wrong—again doubled back, and at length reached the spot where, but a few short moments before, they had been walking together.

It was a long walk, quite over-roofed by trees and opening at one end upon the Rue Ducale—a long, straight, open walk, and not a soul in sight!

They had taken alarm at the sound of my footsteps, perhaps at the involuntary cry that had escaped my lips, and were gone!

Baffled, yet calmed by the disappointment, I sank exhausted upon a stone bench under some trees, and after a brief interval of rest, rose up and went out at the gateway which terminated the path. The audience were pouring from Velloni's as I passed, and, by some strange impulse, I stood and watched for Seabrook.

It was never my disposition to seek society when grief was weighing on me: but this night I seemed to long for the sight of a face in which I might still see truth and friendship—for the pressure of a hand that had never played me false. The fever of anguish was past—the hour of the human weakness was come; and though, probably, I should not betray what I had suffered by look or word, I should not feel alone.

Presently he came. I stepped forward, placed my arm through his, and said, simply,

"I was waiting for you."

"I would have left sooner had I known that," said my friend, with a smile. "Is your head better?"

I nodded.

"And what do you propose doing? It is yet early, and the music to which I have been listening is so good that it has only served to make me wish for more. What say you to dropping into the Opera House for an hour, just to hear a song from the Vogelsang? She plays to-night in Norma. We shall be in time for the last act."

"Go where you please—I will accompany you."

The theatre was crowded when we arrived. We were warned at the entrance that no seats were to be had, and we took up our standing at the back amid a crowd of others similarly circumstanced.

The act had begun before we arrived—the Vogelsang was already on the stage, and every breath was hushed throughout the house.

Great as she had been when first I saw her, she was far greater now. Through all the gradations of stormy passion, jealousy, fury, despair, and agonized humility, she passed with a skill which was more than skill—which was reality.

"*Per Bacco!*" whispered Seabrook, to me, "this woman gives me an oppression on the chest! What power—what instinct!"

Instinct—ay! that was the word. It was not intellect, for intellect is cold, and calm. It was not intellect, for intellect is cold, and calm, and lofty. It was the fierce and fearful beauty of the panther, grand in its instincts—terrible in its rage!

I shuddered. Strange that, from the moment when I beheld her on the Frankfurt stage, I should have ever felt this creeping aversion, and that the third time it should be more strongly marked than even at the first!

The last scene—that tremendous scene where the despairing Priestess wrestles for forgiveness with her father—came to an end. There was a dead silence for a moment—the audience drew a long breath of relief—then came that deafening shout of unanimous wonder and delight, to which she was so well accustomed. She is called—she comes—the bouquets are showered round her—something heavy, something that glitters as it falls, is flung from a stage-box and lights just at her feet. It is a bracelet—a gorgeous bracelet, scintillating with diamonds! She lifts it gracefully, and, bending low in the direction whence it came, clasps it upon her arm.

In an instant every eye is turned upon that box—for a moment the liberal giver eclipses the songstress—even I, who am occupied with heavy thoughts, am influenced by the general impulse, and rise in my place to look upon—upon whom?

Upon my brother Theophile!

"Faith, Paul," said Seabrook, shrugging his shoulders, and glancing towards me with a peculiar expression; "your brother must have a remarkable appreciation of talent, and more money than he well knows how to employ!"

Vexed, bewildered, uneasy, I made no reply, but hastened nervously through the crowded lobby, and bade farewell to my companion at the doors of the theatre.

Alas! there are times when foreshadowings of evil, vaporous and undefined, rise up over the soul like the night-mists over the meadow-land, obscuring not only the landmarks of earth, but dimming even the star-guides of Heaven. At such periods we find our only safety in solitude and prayer.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1859.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of THE POST are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The first year's subscription must always be paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the contributors to THE POST, are

G. P. R. James, Esq., author of Richelieu, Old Dominion, &c.
T. S. Arthur.
Emma Alice Browne.
Author of "Letters from Paris."
Author of "The Scout."
Mary Howitt.
Grace Greenwood.
Florence Percy.
Martha Russell.
Mrs. M. A. Denison.
Author of "My Last Cruise."
Author of "The Ebony Casket," &c., &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly published, from the English and other periodicals, giving thus to our readers the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way.

In addition to this Literary matter, we also furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c., &c.

THE LONDON STRIKE.

Among the most important of the recent English advices, is the news of a great strike of the working men employed by the builders of London, for a reduction of the time of daily labor from ten to nine hours.

It will be remembered that a number of years ago, a successful strike took place in England—and was imitated with equal success in the United States—for a reduction of the time of labor to ten hours each day. It was then generally understood that ten hours was to continue as the settled period of a day's labor—though we believe such was by no means the private understanding of those among the English working classes, who first set the striking ball in motion. If we are not misinformed, they contemplated at the time, the strike which is now being made, for another hour's reduction—and, if we are not mistaken, the intention is to follow one strike by another, until six or seven hours is regarded as the regular amount of a day's labor; and it may be, that even a smaller number of hours is set down as the ultimate result which is to be obtained.

A decrease of the hours of labor from ten to nine—the same price being insisted upon as the wages of a day's labor—is, of course, an increase in the price of labor of just one-ninth. And if the strike of the builders should prove successful, and be imitated by the other trades and employments, as it undoubtedly would be, it would necessarily affect the price of every commodity or article into which labor largely enters. Thus the value of a house is principally the value of the labor put upon it, and upon the bricks, lumber, &c., of which it is composed. The effect, therefore, of altering the number of hours that constitute the general working day from ten to nine, would be to raise the cost of a house about in the same proportion. Thus, a house that would cost $9,000 to build under the old arrangement, would cost $10,000 under the new—as for every nine days employed before, ten days would have to be employed now.—The rents of stores and dwellings would be increased in the same ratio—the house now renting for $90 being increased to $100, and in the same proportion throughout. And a similar result would be perceived in the prices of all domestic articles of use or ornament, varied of course by the extent to which domestic labor entered into the article—the value of the foreign labor, except of the countries which should imitate the change, remaining the same.

It may be said that if this should be the result, the working men would be simply adding to one end of their cloth, what would be cut off at the other; but this is a mistake, for they would add along the whole width, while they would only lose portions at the other end. For in many articles, such as agricultural productions, &c., the price of hired labor enters only to a limited extent; while in many manufactured articles, a large portion of the price is the price of the unaffected foreign labor.

They also might possibly gain in another way. By lessening the hours of a day's labor from ten to nine, you produce all the effect of lessening the present laboring population by one-tenth. The demand for labor thus continuing the same, and the amount of labor being lessened one-tenth, the natural tendency would be to an increase of the price of the day's labor. Thus, not only would the one-ninth more wages be gained at a blow, but a tendency would be created favorable to another increase. Master builders, under contract to furnish a building in a certain time—or who are desirous of doing the old amount of work in a year—must put on one-ninth more men, or see their work go behind hand: and this demand for more workmen would naturally tend to induce a higher rate of wages. This tendency, however, probably would soon be counterbalanced by the lessened demand for houses and other articles, resulting from their increased value. For in proportion as rents and prices were advanced, the demand for houses, &c., would be lessened.

As to the reasonableness of the demand to reduce the hours of labor to nine, and thus increase by one-ninth the wages of labor, a great deal may be said on both sides. Both laborers and employers generally regard such matters too much from their own point of view; Right is thrown aside very early in the dispute, and Might gains the day. Such a change as that proposed, might ruin many a business; manufacturers, &c., now competing with rivals in their own and other lands, might be forced to abandon large and remunerating businesses, simply as the result of such an increase in the price of their labor. And of course, all such results would recoil ultimately upon the working classes. On the other hand, it may be urged that nine hours is enough for man to labor—and that if all the world labored nine hours, there would be plenty produced for all. Who shall decide which party is right; or shall mediate between them? There is no one clothed with authority to do this—and therefore Might decides the question.

We have been of the opinion for many years, that our whole system of Industry and Trade needs organizing. We were convinced, in the first place, that the idea that there is any great Law of Supply and Demand which will regulate in a *fair* and *beneficent* manner the prices of commodities and of labor, is both pernicious and unsound. "Things will regulate themselves," to use a common phrase, just as a community without established laws would regulate itself—the stronger members doing as they pleased, their despotism being tempered only by the fear of an alliance of the weaker against them, or of assassination. But to obviate this kind of "*natural*" regulation of things—weak men taking the impertinence and abuse of large ones, or getting knocked over—civil organizations, with laws and executive officers, have been instituted. Trade and Industry, as it is, are not left wholly to regulate themselves; but the new age of Work has not yet recognized the importance of a more thorough Organization of Industry. The Middle Ages, when Industry began to rear its head as not altogether a mean and disreputable character, did perceive the necessity of such an organization; and, however faulty its Guilds and Crafts were in some respects, they were worthy of high admiration in others. Based too much upon the narrow and despotic ideas of that era, they fell with the decay of those ideas—but the present system of Trades Unions may be taken as the declaration of the working classes that a new Organization of Industry is imperatively needed.

Of these Trades Unions but little that is good, we fear, can be said. They are to the Organization of Labor that should be, what Lynch Law is to Regular Law—sometimes promotive of a rough kind of good, oftener the means by which mere lazy and empty-brained talkers are able to injure both the employers on the one hand, and their fellow-workmen on the other. But the limits of this article preclude the statement of the principles which we think should underlie a proper Organization of Labor. One thing, however, may be said, that any Organization must be of necessity radically selfish and defective, in which the interests and views of both Employers and Employed are not fully represented.

Ah, well, we suppose we should be satisfied that though the world moves slowly, such is the direction in which it is moving. A great deal of jargon upon political economy, so called, is, we think, getting cleverly disposed of in late years. Supply and Demand—those brute gods of Selfishness and Force—may yet be found to be inferior divinities; fit rulers only for Chaos and Old Night. We may, some of these advancing centuries, pass under higher and more noble rulers. Fairness and Justice may yet come to preside over the business and industrial relations of men—and employers and employed learn one day that their interests are essentially really the same, and each become the friend and staunchest defender of the just claims of the other.

DE SORA'S HENERY.—We find the following in a recent letter from Paris, written by the respected editor of the *Pennsylvania Inquirer* to that journal:—

By the way, I read an article in an American newspaper some time since, entitled "A Henery," in which a description was given of an establishment near Paris, managed by a gentleman named De Sora. The object was the production of "*poulets*," by the agency of heat or steam applied in an artificial way, and it was said that the scheme had realized the fullest success, and on the most extensive scale. I have for nearly two days, and at the suggestion of a cherished friend at home, been engaged in hunting up details, and the result is that the *whole story was fabricated!* There is no such establishment in or near Paris, although there are half-a-dozen where fowls and birds of all kinds are cultivated after the most approved systems, and with the object of securing the best qualities. One of these is kept by Mons. Godard, and he assured me that he had been called upon regarding the extraordinary "Henery," by at least fifty persons, and among them not less than twenty-five speculative Americans.

It's a pity—to say the least. For that "henery" was "one of the things we read of," and the description of it, we remember, interested our subscribers greatly. But what motive any man could have had for penning such an elaborate lie, is no little of a puzzle. For ourselves, we published it in perfect good faith. We think we found it in one of the foreign periodicals, and sent it on a long tour through this country; a tour which this contradiction will by no means arrest. We should not be surprised to see that article copied and re-copied in our country exchanges as long as we are able to see anything. To parody Keats's famous line—

"A lie of that kind is a lie forever."

A CARD FROM AN ENGLISH SPORTSMAN.

We have received the annexed Card from the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley, well known by his sporting contributions to the *London Field*. The American brothers of the craft of *venerie*, doubtless will take due measures for the entertainment of their English visitor, and afford him an adequate opportunity of seeing how sporting is done on this side of the Atlantic:—

BEACON LODGE, CHRISTCHURCH, July 30th, 1859.

SIR: Permit me, through the medium of your Paper, to address a few words to my Brother Sportsmen in the United States.

An opportunity which I have often longed for has been afforded me of paying a visit to New York, starting from Liverpool, for the express purpose of fraternizing with the disciples of St. Hubert, shaking hands with my Transatlantic brethren, and, with the advice of my brother sportsmen, proceeding through a portion of the cultivated country to the magnificent Prairies, gathering by the way all information—scientific, agricultural, and ornithological—that it is possible for me to collect. My stay in the United States must of necessity be limited, but, under the blessing of Heaven I hope, ere my return to spend my Christmas in England, to have achieved and learnt enough to enable me to tell my countrymen a tale, and to point out to them the route and the outlay required, for others, in future times, to follow my example. (My narrative, I need hardly add, will appear in the columns of the London "FIELD.")

I shall bring with me some of my Hounds and Dogs, the faithful companions of my leisure hours, and throw myself on that kindness which, from my experience of the American character in other climes, I am convinced was never by a stranger sought in vain. I expect to arrive at New York on or about the 3rd of September.

Your obedient humble servant,
GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY.

A FUNNY TEXT.—One of the London papers says:—

"There was a special choral service in Westminster Abbey, the sermon being preached by the Rev. Henry Drury, B. D., *Prebendary of Salisbury, and Chaplain to the House of Commons*, in aid of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. The reverend gentleman *astonished the congregation* by giving out a text which no one recognized as a passage of Scripture. The words were, 'We may, we must, we will,' and he obtained them in the following manner: 'We may,' from the 3d of Genesis, 2d verse; 'We must,' from the 14th of Acts, 22d verse; 'We will,' from the 24th of Joshua, 21st verse. The combination of the three formed the text, from which he proceeded to argue that we may, we must, and we will, evangelise the world."

Some funny texts might be made, in that way—and audiences "*astonished*" not a little. But we wonder that any English preacher of eminence could be found to outrage the Scriptures so foolishly.

CLOSES HIS FIREWORKS ESTABLISHMENT.—We alluded in our last, to *Punch's* recent representation of Louis Napoleon, in the guise of an "Unpleasant Neighbor," the proprietor of a Fireworks manufactory. In the last number of *Punch*, we have another engraving, a sequel. In this latter, Monsieur L. Nap has closed his shutters, and is writing on them with a piece of chalk, in large letters,

"THIS BUSINESS TO BE DISPOSED OF,"

while saying, very politely, to his now complacent neighbor Bull, "*Ah! friend Johnny! I close my shop to please you!*" Bull, however, has a sly expression on his face, which seems to imply that *Monsieur* has closed his shop quite as much from fear of the police regulations, as to please his neighbor of the "Roast Beef House."

New Publications.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Household words in literature are sweet, but rare as angels' visits. As it is a kind of reproach to say of a man that he talks like a book, so would it not be a sort of praise to say of a book that it talks like a man? But the *insouciance*, the *abandon*, the careless ease, the chatty lightness, the quips and cranks, the serious shades, the frolic lights of everyday conversation—how rarely have they their counterparts in any book whatever! Montaignes and Charles Lambs, like the saints, do not travel in companies; and almost all our books—even the best of them—come to us in college gowns, walking on stilts. Yet the common sense of most men welcomes a book that comes on its own feet with careless gait, and in its shirt-sleeves—a book that we can laugh and gossip with, as we do with some hearty farmer or country neighbor, who strays across lots or up the road, and stops to chat, leaning over the fence, or against the gate-post.

This being so, Shillaber's new volume—KNITTING WORK; A WEB OF MANY TEXTURES, WROUGHT BY RUTH PARTINGTON—(Brown, Taggart & Chase, Boston)—ought to be a general favorite. It is decidedly a home-book, everywhere presupposing, or depicting, the scenes and things of ordinary domestic life. In its grotesque genialities and quaint word-playing it reminds the literary reader of the oddities of Charles Lamb, but the author belongs more properly to the guild of Burns and Beranger, and such as celebrate the homely objects and familiar incidents of everyday life. His serious fancy or streaming humor touches with poetic shade, or floats in jovial light, the reminiscences, the hopes, the interests, the affairs, the occurrences, and the various scenery of our street and home existence. So every one finds something of his own life glorified in this volume. With these pleasantries in our minds, we cannot see the common or rude things about us without feeling that they have been, as it were, idealized, or made less prosaic, having been touched by the tricksy ray of this author's humor. It is not all humor however. In the varieties that make up the work, pathos and sober reverie have their place, and we find here and there, amidst all the luxuriant florescence of fun and the jolly Puck-play of bizarre fancy, some graver thought, perchance of the vanished sweetness of boyhood, or haply of the care-and-joy-chequered content of twenty years of married life, or, it may be, of children, dearly loved, whose memories, like their graves, are green.

Then, beside the sober tenderness and sunny gaseousness which mark the pure Shillaberian contributions, there is page after page of the old Partingtonian humors, and the Partington "sayings," were never better. Ike too is here in all his glory—and has not Ike Partington become the type of every mischievous, fun-loving, good-hearted boy in the continent? Where is the boy that is a boy of whom Ike is not the representative?

We must resist the temptation to quote, but here are a few bits of verse from "An Old Fable Modernized," which happens to be rather different in kind from the rest of the volume:

"One day when the gods in high debate
Had waxed quite warm from affairs of state,
And Jupiter Tonans wiped his face
As discussion found a resting place,
* * * * * * *
A fearful clamor from earth arose,
Like the accents of a thousand woes
That broke the Thunderer's short repose.

'What are the sounds that our ear profane?'
Mercury! start like a railway train;
Open the windows of heaven, and know
The cause of all this rumpus below?'

"'O Jupiter Tonans,' a voice rang out
With tone stentoriously stout
That rung like a trumpet arraying a host—
'O Jupiter Tonans? my axe is lost!
O cruel fortune thus to bother one!
O great Jupiter give me another one!'"

Jupiter tells Mercury to offer the bawling woodman axes of gold and silver, (the story is old) but to cut his head off if he proves dishonest enough to take them in lieu of his own.

"Mercury gave one jump and flew,
Cutting his way through the ether blue,
And, quick as the lightning, made his tracks
Where the man was bellowing for his axe.
'Here 'tis, old chap!' then Mercury said,
And threw before him the gold one red.
'None of your tricks,' said he, right cross,
'Tim't for this that I mourn the loss.'
Then Mercury threw the silver down,
Which suited still less the weeping clown;
But when the iron one met his view,
He cried, delighted, 'Tis good as new!'
He held its handle, and grasped it tight,
And said, 'Old fellow, this ere's all right.'
Then Mercury called him an honest soul,
Told him for this he should have the whole;
Then left all three with the happy elf,
And went right back to report himself."

Our clod-hopper having thus become rich, all his neighbors bought axes, then lost them, and besieged Jupiter with their clamor. Jupiter, hearing the noise, says to Mercury—

"'These chaps mustn't be left to pother one,
Serve them just as you did the other one;
Put the test that then you tried,
Let them for themselves decide,
Give what they ax, and let 'em slide.'"

"Down went Mercury on his mission,
Where they noisily made petition.
The golden axe on the ground he threw;
The first one at it greedily flew,
When, swinging the steel axe in his hand,
The head of the seeker sought the sand;
And so the whole of the clamorous crowd
Each nose like a coulter the green sward ploughed;
And from this day's ensanguined workery
Arose man's guess of the uses of mercury—
And it undoubtedly a palpable fact is,
Ten medical colleges all in full practice,
With surgeons awaiting a chance to dissect you all
Couldn't make mercury more effectual,
Or cut men down quicker than Mercury packed his
On this first day of 'legitimate' practice."

A lively assault upon the faculty, truly, but there is never a touch of verjuice in it, and the good nature is perfect. To conclude—whoever gets this work can depend upon its exercising the maxillary muscles in the most agreeable way.

We need give but few words to the new volume of SHELLEY MEMORIALS, edited by Lady Shelley, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston,) for the subject has an interest which is of unusual potency. The circumstances which call forth this work are as sad as peculiar. Its materials were originally entrusted to a person who was a schoolfellow of Shelley in his youth, and who lately undertook a memoir of the poet. This man, bearing the singularly infelicitous name of Thomas Jefferson Hogg, though thus Nicodemused into nothing by his sponsors in baptism, has, it seems, contrived to make himself eminent as the author of a fantastic caricature of Shelley, showing in its every line the mean spirit and narrow mind from whence it proceeded. Two volumes only of this surprising performance have appeared, and it is not known whether we shall have the rest. But the materials furnished by the poet's relatives have been indignantly withdrawn, and are now offered in this volume.

With the exception of some fragments of an Essay on Christianity, which put Shelley's views on a better footing with orthodox opinion, the present work adds but a few new facts to those we already know. But these are of interest, and in this, as in every other record we have of him, the noble and selfless life in all its sincerity and sweetness, looks, with angel beauty, from the page. Seen in contrast with the lives of those who maligned and pursued him, it is as a white dove trooping among crows.

We noticed lately About's book, THE ROMAN QUESTION. A new translation of it has been made by the skilled pen of Mrs. ANNE T. WOOD, which has its claims on those who would read the work. The latest edition is issued by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, who have also recently published the Rev. Nehemiah Adams' DISCOURSE AND ADDRESS ON THE DEATH OF HON. RUFUS CHOATE, a pamphlet of interest to those who saw with regret the meteor of the Boston Bar sink below the horizon.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE, by the Rev. JAMES WHITE, (D. Appleton & Co., New York,) is the most admirable work of the kind we have seen. It has pages which are like pictures, and has generally the interest of a story, while it preserves the sobriety of history. The entire course of affairs in France, from the earliest to the present time, is sketched with a masterly hand. We find in the volume one paragraph which contains a statement we do not remember to have seen, and which breaks out, as it were, in letters of fire. It occurs in the account of Louis Philippe's reign:

Louis Napoleon, a nephew of the Emperor, had cherished for many years the most chimerical hopes of a restoration to the soil of his country, and the rights of his birth. A formal instrument of Napoleon had nominated him his heir in failure of the Duke of Reichstadt, and in all the struggles of his adversity—in the total desertion of friends and even the want of a sufficiency to live on—the Tuileries and Versailles never left his thoughts. "I shall be Emperor," he said, "before I die; *I will govern France in the ideas of my uncle*, AND THEY PERISH WITH A BULLET IN MY BRAIN."

Take out your note-book, and note the prophecy. The French Sphynx has made a prediction which is half-fulfilled already. If the rest to come true? Is the bullet yet cast which is to drive the life from that dark brain? Let us wait and see.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE COMING SPECTACLE—CONSTITUTION-MONGERING—MOVEMENTS IN ITALY—PECULIAR DIET—THE SNOW-DRIFT.

Paris, Aug. 4, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

It is now announced that the entry of the French troops from Italy, will take place on Sunday week: when they will march through the city, and pass in review before the Emperor, in the Place Vendome, as they did on the famous show-off of the similar return from the Crimea. As the Municipality of Paris has just voted an "unlimited credit" for the expenses of this fete,—including the rejoicings of the following Monday, the Emperor's fete day—we shall no doubt see something excessively splendid. The preparations are already begun, and public expectation is on tiptoe.

French troops are returning daily from Italy; the railway from Milan to Genoa is to be reserved exclusively for their use, and 4,000 a day are to be sent on to the latter city, and embarked at once for France. Here, extra carriages are being sent to Marseilles, to bring them to their appointed quarters.

The dissatisfaction with regard to the terms of the recent peace, is not diminished by the difficulties which are seen to stand in the way of their carrying out. With the Duchies and the Romagna bent upon union with Sardinia, determined alike to decline being placed again under the yoke either of the exiled Princes, or of the Pope,—and the Pope, on the other hand, issuing circulars addressed to the Great Powers, and asking for protection against Sardinia, whom he denounces in unmeasured terms,—it is not easy to foresee how peace is to be maintained by a Confederation in which these two Powers would be included, to say nothing of the part which Austria is pretty certain to play therein.

However, if the projected union do not "march," it will evidently not be hindered by any lack of quill-driving. A project for a Confederation has been drawn up by Count Walewski, and communicated to the parties concerned in the project. It contains a plan for a Federal Army, and in some respects resembles the German Confederation.

The *Austrian Gazette* gives the outline of another project of Confederation elaborated by Cardinal Antonelli. This project, it states, assumes the necessity of a corporate resistance to "the revolution," as the basis of the proposed federation. The States which enter into it, guarantee each other against foreign and domestic enemies; each State has a representative at Rome, deputed to the Pope, as Honorary President of the Confederation; these envoys, united, shall form the Diet, which meets at Rome, and decides on all matters of general and foreign interest. The Diet will introduce a common system of coinage, weights, measures, customs, railways, postage, commerce, and sanitary laws. The Diet has the right of initiative in all that concerns the Federation, and even in the concerns of each State. "Its decrees are obligatory on the entire Federation; but it cannot decree ameliorations, because to do so would be to encroach on the administrative liberty of the members of the Confederation." This precious scheme, interpreted by the significant limitation of its last article, appears to be a mere project for riveting still more strongly the mental and material chains under which unhappy Italy has so long been writhing, but from which she has now been led to hope that she was about to be delivered. It is tolerably certain, however, that the entire North of Italy will manifest its determination to have nothing to do with any such new organization of old and abhorred tyranny.

Meantime the Duchies and the Romagna are taking measures to allow the fullest expression of public sentiment on the question of the future annexation, or otherwise, of their territories to Sardinia; the period for the appointed *plebiscitum* is fast approaching, and speculation is therefore useless. The Tuscan Government has convoked the Electoral Colleges for the 7th inst.; and the meeting of the Consulta of State for the 1st. The Government of Modena has fixed at 73 the number of deputies to be elected to express the wishes of their constituents as to the form of Government to be adopted. Parma has just sent an embassy to Turin, protesting against the restoration of the Duchess or her son, and declaring it to be the unanimous wish and intention of the People of that Duchy to remain united with Piedmont. As to the Tuscans, they have just sent an embassy to this city to confer with the Emperor in person, and express the same desire to remain united with Piedmont. Of the interview between the Emperor and these gentlemen, the strangest stories are afloat. It is said that the Emperor's whole behaviour was that of a man who finds himself much out of health, either of mind or of body; that he received the Ambassadors very kindly, but urged them to try and get their people to call back the Grand-Ducal family, under a pledge of reform; that he declared himself unable to do anything farther, remarking, "You see that I had all Europe against me!" and that he several times, in expatiating on the difficulties of the position, exclaimed, "What a question! what a question!" in a sort of hopeless, half-bewildered tone, saying that he "had just received a letter from the Pope, which was not at all what he had hoped for, and which would certainly not give pleasure to France." At the conclusion of the interview, the Tuscans asked him whether it was his intention to compel the people of the Duchies to receive back the Princes; adding that they trusted the arms of France would never be thus turned against them." To which the Emperor replied, most emphatically, that "They need be under no such apprehension, for that no such coercion should ever be brought to bear upon them by him." Of this strange version of the details of the interview, I can only say that I have it very directly, and on the authority of one of the Tuscan gentlemen composing the deputation.

While the immediate neighbors of Piedmont are thus testifying their deliberate desire to rally round the Constitutional Italian Sovereign to whom Garibaldi, in his late eloquent proclamation to his soldiers and Italy, conjures them to remain unswervingly faithful, the Venetians have just sent a deputation to the French Ambassador at Turin, to deliver an address to the Emperor of the French, in which it is declared that the Venetians protest against being left under the dominion of Austria, whether direct or indirect.

Nor are the people of Central Italy behind the populations of the North. The people of the Romagna are declaring that they will emigrate in a body, rather than remain under the temporal Government of Rome. Bologna takes the lead in this movement, is raising an army, and has just negotiated a loan of 10,000,000f. with a commercial house in Turin.

The Swiss Government has just terminated an extra session of the Federal Assembly in which an imprisonment of from one to three months, and suspension of civic rights from one to five years, has been pronounced against all who enlist in foreign armies; also imprisonment of from one to five years against all who carry on, or abet, such enlistments, the infliction of a fine of 1,000f. and suspension of civic rights for from five to ten years, being also incurred by these latter, under certain circumstances.

The melancholy event chronicled in my last, and which has again converted the hippopotamus nursery, in the Garden of Plants, into a scene of desolation and mourning for scientific aspirations, is not the sole disappointment which has recently overtaken the enlightened and learned gentlemen, who are so strongly bent on persuading animals from a distance to live and thrive in *la belle France*.

An ostrich which arrived in this country lately, and has been the object of unremitting care and attention from the zealous member of the Acclimation Society to whose care it was confided, has just perversely died; the disconsolate *savant* having had its body opened, a large case-knife, some stones, nails, and a file, were found in its stomach. With which mention of an occurrence which has plunged the hearts of the members of that useful body in mourning, let me conclude this brief summary of our doings on this side the water, for the purpose of reserving to myself the necessary space for a little *tableau* of Russian romance, got up by your Correspondent for the amusement and edification of the readers of THE POST, and which, with their permission, and as suggestive, in this sultry August weather, of the charm of contrast, shall be entitled—

THE SNOW-DRIFT.

In the year of our Lord, 1811, an important epoch in Russian annals, there dwelt, on his estate at Neradowno, an excellent and upright country gentleman, named Gabriel Gabrielowitch Rostankoff. Gabriel Gabrielowitch Rostankoff was renowned through all the neighborhood for his hospitality; and all the families within ten miles of his dwelling took great delight in visiting his comfortable and hospitable house, where they never failed to eat heartily, drink merrily, and pass pleasant hours in playing at boston with his comely wife, Pascovia Petrowna, for stakes of five kopecks each.

Some of the guests, however, though not indifferent to the hospitable seductions of their rich neighbor's housekeeping, came with an especial eye to the charms of the only daughter of the house, Maria Gabrielowna, a young person of "sweet sixteen," slender, and exceedingly pretty, though somewhat pale, and distinguished by an air of sentimental melancholy, resulting from the very extensive reading of French romances which had constituted the greater part of her education.

As Maria Gabrielowna, besides possessing more than an average share of personal charms, was a really amiable and sensible girl, notwithstanding her little sentimentalities, and moreover one of the wealthiest heiresses of the region, it is not surprising that many of the guests at her father's hospitable table should have desired to woo her, either for themselves when not already blessed with a wedded partner, or for their sons, when past the chance of appropriating her for their own personal benefit. Several overtures had, in fact, been already cautiously commenced with regard to the acquisition of her coveted hand; but Maria Gabrielowna had hitherto treated these aspirants with discouraging indifference; and her father, no doubt considering that she had still plenty of time before her, seemed as indifferent as his daughter to the advances of the rival pretenders.

But Maria Gabrielowna, notwithstanding this seeming indifference, was quite too romantic, and read her favorite novels to far too serious a purpose, to have reached the age of sixteen without having fallen in love in her own way; and was, in fact, already affianced to a young officer of the line, handsome, but very poor, who had happened to come into her neighborhood to spend a six months' leave of absence from his regiment. It is hardly necessary to add that this passion was fully reciprocated by the handsome young officer; or that the young lady's parents, when they at length remarked the existence of this mutual attachment, at once forbade their daughter to think of him, and treated the unfortunate suitor, whenever he came in their way, as a being of some foreign and utterly inferior sphere.

The lovers, however, as is apt to be the case under such circumstances, continued their correspondence despite the injunctions of the young lady's parents to the contrary. Every day witnessed an exchange of letters, full of the most ardent effusions; and few days passed, through all that golden autumn, in which they did not contrive to meet, sometimes in the dark, pine forest that extended for miles and miles behind the domain of Gabriel Gabrielowitch, sometimes near the ruins of the old chapel at the farther end of the village; and every day they lamented, more and more bitterly, the hard fate which kept them asunder, and the cruel necessity of bidding each other "adieu" as often as they met.

After a few months of these mutual regrets, it is not surprising that the young people began to speculate more nearly on the chances of obtaining the paternal consent to their union; and that they thus gradually approached the idea that this consent, if it proved to be of impossible attainment, must at length be dispensed with—a luminous conviction at which the young officer was the first to arrive, but which the mind of Maria Gabrielowna was not long in reaching also.

Winter, meantime, had set in, icy and brilliant as is that season in the North; and the lovers were now compelled to remain at home. But though they no longer met, the exchange of letters, thanks to the agency of Maria Gabrielowna's maid, went on as punctually as ever; and as the young officer's furlough was now rapidly drawing to a close, the affliction of the young lovers began to grow very profound indeed; so much so, that Vladimir Nicolaewitch had taken to beseeching his lady-love, in every one of his letters, to consent to a secret marriage; after the performance of which ceremony, they would throw themselves at the feet of her parents, avow the deed, and plead so touchingly for forgiveness and favor, that the paternal and maternal hearts would melt at once, crowning the heroic constancy of the lovers, and effacing the memory of their sorrows, by pressing them at once to their hearts, with all the tenderness and effusion of the most approved *denouement* of the most effective French novel.

Poor Maria Gabrielowna, however, was long in deciding. To six or eight cleverly concocted plans of flight, she opposed as many rejections. She loved her excellent parents dearly; and could not endure the thought of risking their anger, and even less, that of giving them pain. But her timid attempts to open her heart to her parents, had met with so little encouragement, that she could not muster up courage to renew them: yet the furlough of Vladimir Nicolaewitch, which would end with the earliest days of the new year, was now so near its conclusion, that she must either consent to see him go away, perhaps for years, or accept the alternative of the secret marriage.

Day after day passed on, leaving her a prey to all the anxieties of such a conflict; and it was only when but two days of Vladimir's stay yet remained to her, that she at length acceded to his plans, and promised to meet him the following evening, and unite her destiny to his, through the instrumentality of the priest of a neighboring village.

As the hour appointed for leaving her parents' dwelling drew near, Maria Gabrielowna, to hide her agitation and anxiety, complained of headache, and retired to her own room. She had not been able to sleep a wink the night before, and felt feverish and ill. Fifty times, as the day wore on, she was on the point of refusing to proceed with the projected flight; but the thought of separating herself from the young officer, and of bidding him perhaps an eternal adieu, came back each time with still greater force, and at length vanquished her irresolution and terror.

The young waiting-woman who attended her, was to accompany Maria Gabrielowna in her flight. Together they were to steal from the house, and across the garden to a door never used, but opened for the occasion, take their places at once in a sledge that would be there awaiting them, and dashing over five versts as fast as the horses could draw them along, reach the village of Jadrino, drive straight to the church, and hasten to the altar, where Vladimir would be before them.

The waiting-maid had been busy all day packing up as much of her young mistress's wardrobe as they could hope to carry off by their own unaided strength; while Maria Gabrielowna had indited a long, and somewhat incoherent letter to her parents, often interrupted by her tears, in which she exhausted all her eloquence in the endeavor to excuse her flight, on the ground of her unconquerable affection for the husband she had chosen, which she wound up by declaring that her happiness would only be complete when she could throw herself at their feet, and receive their assurance of pardon and affection.

This letter finished, wept over, sealed, wept over again, and duly placed in a conspicuous position on her dressing-table, Maria Gabrielowna threw herself on her bed for an hour's repose, and fell asleep, only, however, to be awakened a dozen times by wretched and tormenting dreams. Now, she seemed to be just leaving the house, and going towards the sledge that was to convey her to her lover, when her father suddenly appeared in the garden, and seizing her by the arm, dragged her across the snow to the edge of a bottomless abyss, into which she felt herself falling, falling, with a sensation of indescribable terror; and anon, she beheld her beloved Vladimir Nicolaewitch stretched on the ground, pale, covered with blood, and dying, yet imploring her in heart rending tones, to hasten to him, and to give him her hand before he died: these painful imaginings being mixed up with all manner of strange and incomprehensible fancies that succeeded one another in vague disorder, so that when at length, she rose from her couch, she felt really ill, and more nervous and uneasy than ever.

It was not until shortly before supper-time that she could muster courage to go down to the parlor; and as soon as she appeared, her parents remarked her paleness and preoccupation.—Their repeated inquiries, so affectionately and tenderly made, caused her infinite pain; and every time they asked her "What is the matter, Maria?" or "Are you not ill, Maria?" the poor girl verily thought her heart would break. She endeavored to soothe their anxiety about her, and tried to seem gay. But her endeavors were not very successful. The thought that this was the last evening she was to spend in her dear old home, and in the society of her doting parents, was almost more than she could bear; and the farewells that she mentally addressed to every one, and to every object, about her, were full of sorrow and trouble.

When supper was served, she could not eat a morsel; with trembling voice she declared that she was not hungry, and bade good night to her parents, who kissed her and blessed her as they had done every night since she could remember, and charged her to try and sleep soundly and to get rid of her headache.

The tears which she had with so much difficulty repressed on parting from her parents, flowed unrestrainedly when she again reached her own room, and threw herself into her old favorite chair; the chair which had been hers for so many years, in the pleasant room, endeared to her by the memories of her happy childhood.

The waiting-maid, aghast at the violence of her young mistress's emotions, implored her to be calm. In half an hour they must set out on their way to Jadrino, or give up the projected flight altogether.

A high, fierce wind was blowing, and the snow caught up by its fury, was flying in dense clouds, dry and powdery, filling the air, and covering the sledge-tracks, as effectually as though it were falling fresh from the sky. But though the night was cold and rough, quiet soon reigned in the house. The deep stillness, proclaiming the fact that every one was sound asleep in the paternal dwelling, was the signal for the flight of the young lady and her maid.

Her mind full of painful presentiments, Maria Gabrielowna suffered herself to be rolled up in the many warm coverings of fur and wadded silk, by the aid of which a Russian lady is enabled to face the rigors of winter; and carrying in her hand a casket containing the slender store of trinkets which constituted all her worldly treasures, she crept softly down stairs, and passed out of the house, and across the garden, closely followed by the maid, who had the utmost difficulty in bearing up against the wind, laden as she was with the bundles containing her mistress's wardrobe and her own.

The fugitives, however, succeeded in crossing the garden without accident, and without being discovered. The garden door was unfastened: and outside it, under the shadow of the wall, the coachman of Vladimir Nicolaewitch was waiting for them with a sledge.

The two girls, the casket, and the bundles, being speedily deposited in the vehicle, and carefully covered with an enormous bear skin, the coachman resumed his place in front of them, wrapped himself up in his sheep skin blanket, and gave the rein to his horses, which impatient of the cold, started off at a rapid trot.

QUANTUM.

WHY DO STEAM BOILERS EXPLODE?—At the recent meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Science, Mr. Hyatt, of New York, presented what we believe to be the true cause. He presented the following table, showing the rapidity with which pressure is *doubled* by only a slight increase of heat. At 212 degrees of heat water begins to boil; at 868 degrees from becomes of a red heat:

212 degrees of heat.	15 pounds to the square inch		
251	"	30	" "
294	"	60	" "
342	"	120	" "
398	"	240	" "
464	"	480	" "
868	"	7680	" "

It was stated by Mr. Hyatt that from experiments he had made, this great increase of pressure could be obtained in six or seven minutes with an engine at rest. This rapid doubling of pressure with but a small increase of heat, is due to the conversion of what is termed latent heat in steam into sensible heat. If we immerse a thermometer in boiling water, it stands at 212; if we place it in steam immediately above the water, it indicates the same temperature. The question then arises, what becomes of all the heat which is communicated to the water, since it is neither indicated by the water nor by the steam formed from it? The answer is, it enters the water and converts it into steam without raising its temperature.—One thousand degrees of heat are absorbed in the conversion of water into steam, and this is called its latent heat. And it is the *sudden* conversion of latent heat into sensible heat that produces the explosion. If an engine is stopped, even if there be but a moderate fire, if the escape-valve is closed, there is a rapid absorption, or accumulation of latent heat. The pressure arises with great rapidity, and when the engineer thinks everything is safe, the explosion comes. That this is the true cause of nearly all the explosions that occur, will be plain to every one who will look at the relations between latent and sensible heat. Professor Henry and Professor Silliman, Jr., endorse the view. What, then, is the security against explosions? We know of no securities but these—a sufficiency of water in the boilers, and the escape valves open at light pressure when the engine is at rest.—*Springfield Repub.*

ELECTRICITY APPLIED TO WAR.—Mr. John Calvert has written from Paris the following letter:—

"For many years I have been perfecting a principle (casually alluded to by myself at the meeting of the British Association at Liverpool) for the application of electricity to warlike purposes. The explosive properties are as yet only partially known, but I have discovered that metals in their electric fluid state may be applied to a more offensive and destructive engine of warfare than man has ever yet contemplated. Such a discovery in the hands of an ambitious man, would go far to give him power over the whole world; while for an industrious nation, whose object was only the protection of its commerce, the possession of such a means of restraint would go far to dispel any attempts at aggression. Discovered to the world it might end all warfare, for who would be paid to encounter the mortal effects of such a weapon, even should they be provided with like instruments themselves? My engine will command a range of seven miles, and on the return to the earth of the missiles thrown, the point of contact will be subject to vibration, and for many yards around all life would be completely annihilated. In writing this letter I am not actuated by any desire of disposing of my discovery, but I want to erect in England one of my most powerful engines, at the expense of those who may voluntarily subscribe to its erection. With this object I will covenant to show to all subscribers the terrific effects of electricity under a new mode of application, but I may wish to reserve to myself the details of manipulation."

STATE FAIRS.—The following are the times appointed for the meeting of the several State Fairs for the year 1859:

Illinois	Freeport,	Sept 5– 9
U S Agricul. Society	Chicago,	Sept 12–17
Kentucky	Lexington,	Sept 13–17
Vermont	Burlington,	Sept 13–16
Western Virginia	Wheeling,	Sept 13–19
New Jersey	Elizabeth,	Sept 13–16
Maine	Augusta,	Sept 20–23
California	Sacramento,	Sept 12–22
Ohio	Zanesville,	Sept 20–23
Nebraska	Nebras City,	Sept 21–23
Indiana	N Albany,	Sept 26–30
St Louis, Mo.	County Fair,	Sept 26–30
Wisconsin	Milwaukie,	Sept 26–30
Pennsylvania	Philada,	Sept 27–30
Iowa	Oskaloosa,	Sept 27–30
Canada West	Kingston,	Sept 27–30
Michigan	Detroit,	Oct 4– 7
New York	Albany,	Oct 4– 7
New Hampshire	Dover	Oct 5– 7
Tennessee	Nashville,	Oct 5– 7
Georgia	Atlanta,	Oct 24–28
Maryland	Fred'k City.	Oct 25–27
Alabama	Montg'ry,	Nov 15–18

SHAMEFUL.—A woman of the town named Coles, was recently lynched by three "respectable married women," at South Bend, Indiana. She was absolutely *stripped naked* by these "respectable women" in the presence of at least five hundred people, tarred and feathered, and her hair cut off. We wonder that men could be found to stand by and witness such a shameful outrage upon a woman, however erring.

☞ There's a great difference between honor and honesty; the former, it is said, exists among thieves, the latter certainly doesn't.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Hungarian at Quebec on the 21st brings Liverpool dates to the 10th.

The only important feature in the news is the meeting of the Peace Conference at Zurich, in which France, Sardinia and Austria only are represented.

The Liverpool market for Breadstuffs continued dull, without material alteration in prices since the sailing of the Asia.

In the Liverpool Cotton Market there had been a moderate business doing, at previous quotations, with sales, in the three days previous, of 21,000 bales.

Consols had advanced, closing at 95¾.

A despatch from Zurich, dated Monday, Aug. 8th, says:—Yesterday afternoon, the members of the Conference had paid a visit to the President of the Government of Zurich. M. de Bourqueney, the representative of France, held a conference with M. de Sambers, the Sardinian representative, to-day, but nothing had transpired.

Count Colleredo is the Austrian representative. There was no sitting of the Conference on Monday.

Advices from Hong Kong to June 22nd., state that the Representatives of America, England, and France, had gone from Shanghae to Pekin.

The mammoth steamship Great Eastern is almost ready for sea. A grand banquet was given on board, on the 8th.

The Peace Conference continued to occupy the attention of the British Parliament.

The British Parliament was still debating the Italian question, but in a more subdued tone than hitherto characterized the speeches.

The Grand Duke Constantine, of Russia, had arrived at Spithead, in a Russian vessel of war.

The London papers publish the provisions of Sydney Herbert's new bill, organizing the military reserve force.

The Paris Moniteur of the 8th, states that the Emperor left yesterday for the camp at Chalons, where his majesty will remain several days.

The Patrie of Monday evening, states that the Emperor will return to St. Cloud on Thursday.

A desperate effort is being made in London and Liverpool, to obtain subscriptions to the stock of the defunct Atlantic Cable Company, in order to start a new company on the ruins of the old one. The new subscribers are mostly confined to those who suffered in the late experiment, and are willing to grasp at straws to retrieve themselves.

The Austrian Lloyds steamer arrived at Trieste on the 8th, with advices from Calcutta, to July 2d. A considerable reduction of native troops has been ordered.

Imports were dull; exports flat; freights firmer.

Mazzini has published an article in the London papers, headed "European Coup d'Etat."

The city article of the London Times says, in regard to the stipulations of the treaty alleged to have been arranged between Minister McLane and Juarez, at Vera Cruz, that Mexico will, from the moment the treaty is ratified, virtually pass under American sway. It then adds, that the result will be advantageous to Mexico and the world. The American Government is urged at every step to protect the interests of foreign bondholders.

The strike among the building trade had assumed formidable dimensions. Estimates of the men unemployed range from 20,000 to 40,000. The master builders had sought the intervention of the Government, but the Home Secretary said he did not see how he could interfere.

The Paris correspondent of the London Post telegraphs the result of the Tuscan elections. They took place with great order, and give a majority to the men of moderate liberalism, but quite opposed to the restoration of the old dynasty.

The advices from Odessa report great activity and improved prices in the grain trade.

The Paris Constitutionnel ascribes the proposed fortification of Antwerp to the influence of England, who, foreseeing war with France, wishes to provide herself with an entrenched camp in Belgium.

The Paris Bourse had been very buoyant, and Rentes were at one time 70f 35c, but on the 9th the market drooped, and closed at 69f 90c. There was a better feeling at the close.

The Opinione of Turin says that 50,000 French troops will remain in Italy provisionally, owing to the dangerous state of some of the Provinces.

The relations between Austria and Prussia almost assume the dimensions of a regular rupture, and were regarded as dangerous to the smaller German States which were already looking towards France for protection.

The King of Bavaria apologised for the passage of troops through his territory.

PRUSSIA.—The news of the dissolution of the French army of observation on the Rhine had produced a very favorable effect at Berlin, and Prussia would at once countermand the concentration of troops on the Rhine.

AFRICA.—African dates are from Coast Castle to July 14th, and from Sierra Leone to July 15th. Cotton was being collected in the eastern districts of the gold coast, and a considerable quantity was expected to be shipped to England. The natives were being taught its value, and the exports were expected to increase. Palm Oil had largely advanced at Acera.

LIVERPOOL, Aug. 9th.—Cotton is unchanged—prices steady; Bowed 7¼; Mobile 7¼; New Orleans 8¼.

LIVERPOOL PROVISION MARKET.—Pork.—A heavy stock on hand, with small sales at reduced prices. The market is almost bare of American Bacon. Beef has declined during the week 2 or 3s. Lard is held firmly.

LIVERPOOL BREADSTUFFS MARKET.—The market is languid: the harvest turning out better than was anticipated has weakened prices. Philadelphia and Baltimore Flour 22@22s 6d; Ohio 22@23s 6d. Wheat declining; Western red 7s 3d to 7s 9d; Western white 9 to 9s 6d. Corn dull and inactive. Mixed yellow 5s 6d to 6s; white 7 to 7s 6d.

The trade in Manchester continues in a healthy state, with advancing tendency in prices.

QUEBEC, Aug. 21.—The private advices by the Hungarian give the following as the closing quotations in Cotton in the Liverpool Market:

Fair Orleans, 8¼;	Middling do., 7 3-16.
Fair Mobile, 7¾;	Middling do., 7¼.
Fair Uplands, 7¼;	Middling do., 7.

The decline in Flour appeared to have been arrested for the moment, and St. Louis brands were worth 26@28s; Baltimore and Philadelphia was quoted at 22@23s; Wheat steady at 10s 6d@11s 6d for White Southern. Sales of Yellow Corn at 6s@6s 4d.

The quotations for Provisions were entirely nominal. Trade at Manchester ruled firm, producers being well under contract at highly remunerative prices.

QUAKER SARCASM.—Thomas Coles—more familiarly known from his great amiability and good nature as Tommy Coles—was a consistent member of the Society of Friends. At the delightful village of Glen Cove, Long Island, where he resided, the Episcopal congregation has just erected in the church a very sweet toned organ, which was the admiration not only of the members, but of many others who were attracted to the service by the eloquence of the Rev. Mr. Mallaby, the rector. On some particular occasion our venerable friend, Tommy Coles, took a seat among the congregation, and his opinion of the organ was gathered from the following conversation a few days afterwards:—

"Friend Mallaby, I am pleased that thee has got a fine organ in thy church."

"But," said the clergyman, "I thought you were opposed to having an organ in a church."

"So I am," replied Friend Tommy: "but then if thee worship the Lord by machinery, I would like thee to have a first rate instrument."

☞ It was but a short time ago that it was announced, *apropos* of the Quadrilateral, that Austria was going, for the first time, to "deal on the Square." See how Virtue prospers! No sooner has she taken this course, than the War ends, and she saves nearly every pound of her Italian bacon. Who would not be virtuous?—*Punch.*

☞ A leading maxim with almost every politician is always to keep his countenance, and never to keep his word.

☞ Donald was tried for a capital offence, and had a rather narrow escape; but the jury found him "not guilty." Whereupon the judge, in discharging, thought fit to admonish him. "Prisoner! Before you leave the bar, let me give you a piece of advice. You have got off this time, but if ever you come before me again, I'll be caution (surety) you'll be hanged." "Thank you, my lord," answered Donald, "thank you for your good advice; and as I'm na ungratefu' I beg to gi'e your lordship a piece of advice in return. Never be caution for ony body; for the cautioner has often to pay the penalty!"—*Autobiography of William Jerdan.*

☞ The eye is the true beauty, the lasting beauty which time itself is forced to respect, age even to augment. Trials and sufferings may have impaired the rest; but the eye, like the heart, is embellished by suffering.—*Love.—M. Michelet.*

☞ OUR COUNTRY, RIGHT OR WRONG.—A discussion arose in a hotel as to the citizenship of a gentleman at the other end of the room. "He's an Englishman," said one, "I know by his head." "He's a Scotchman," said another, "I know by his complexion. "He's a German," said another, "I know by his beard." The young ladies thought he looked a little Spanish. Here the conversation rested, but soon one of them spoke:—"I have it," said he, "he's an American; *he's got his legs on the table!*"

☞ Talkative men seldom read; this is among the few truths which appear the more strange the more we reflect upon them; for what is reading but silent conversation?—*Landor.*

☞ ROYAL RELIGION.—Gourville went to pay his respects to the Duchess Sophia, of Brunswick, whose young daughter he was speculating on as a wife for the Dauphin. When he was first permitted to see the young lady, then in her twelfth year, he said, "This is a fair and beautiful Princess, worthy of the highest destiny. May I ask what religion she has been brought up in?" "In none at present," answered Sophia. "When we know what Prince will be her husband, she will be instructed in his religion."

☞ Misprints will present themselves in other columns than those of newspapers. The author of a temperance novel who wrote, "drunkenness is folly," was horror-struck to read, "drunkenness is jolly."

☞ Girls are early taught deceit, and they never forget the lesson. Boys are more outspoken. This is because boys are instructed that to be frank and open is to be manly and generous, while their sisters are perpetually admonished that "this is not pretty," or "that is not becoming," until they have learned to control their natural impulses, and to regulate their conduct by precepts and example. The result of all this is, that while men retain much of their natural dispositions, women have made-up characters.

☞ Nothing inflates a small mind like superficial attainments. Great scholars are usually humble; while small ones are vain and pedantic.

☞ No woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty by the help of speech.—*Hughes.*

☞ I firmly believe that almost every malady of the human frame is, either by highways or byways, connected with the stomach. The woes of every other member are founded on your belly-timber; and I must own I never see a fashionable physician mysteriously consulting the pulse of his patient, but I feel a desire to exclaim, "Why not tell the poor gentleman at once, 'Sir you have eaten too much; you've drunk too much; and you have not taken exercise enough!'" The human frame was not created imperfect. It is we ourselves who have made it so. There exists no donkey in creation so overloaded as our stomachs.—*Head's Bubbles from the Brunnen.*

☞ Men are every day saying and doing, from the power of education, habit and imitation, what has no root whatever in their serious conviction.—*Channing.*

THE SHAKSPEARE CONTROVERSY.—If we may believe the Critic, the controversy respecting Mr. Collier's Shakspearian "Emendations" is likely to assume a new and rather startling phase. Mr. Parry, the alleged former possessor of the celebrated folio, denies that this copy was ever in his possession; that, on the contrary, "it differed in edition, in binding, in corrections—in fact, in every particular in which a book can differ—from the folio 'Shakspeare' formerly in his possession." If we are not misinformed (says our cotemporary) Mr. Collier may be called upon to defend the Shakspearian papers at Bridgewater House, once in his possession. It is said that precisely the same observations as to pencil handwriting of a modern character underlying a paint or ink writing have been made, and that even a strong similarity in the character has been detected.

A CINCINNATI TRAGEDY.—A young man named De Marbais, recently shot his wife first (with her consent), and himself afterwards, in one of the streets in Cincinnati. His wife was a disreputable character, but seemed to have much affection for him, and contempt for her own loose mode of life. He had a good situation in Cincinnati, but lost it upon his employers learning of former misdeeds. He blamed a fellow clerk for this—though other accounts represent that the person who had obtained him the situation, becoming acquainted with the facts for the first time, felt bound to communicate them to his employers. A good deal of romance has been wasted in the Cincinnati papers, apparently upon two very unreliable personages.

CALIFORNIA.—A party of Californians *en route* to St. Louis, were attacked near the South Pass, on the 15th of June, by the Crow Indians. George Stephenson, of Pittsburg; David Moore, of Lancaster, Pa., and C. M. Hall, of Cincinnati, were killed. Henry Florence, of Carlisle, Pa., was made prisoner.

THE GOVERNOR WISE LETTER.—The Richmond Whig has a statement that Donnelly, Governor Wise's correspondent, is a fictitious person, and states that John C. Mather was the man who drew the letter from Wise and exhibited it. Doubtful.

LATENT LIFE.

Though never shown by word or deed,
Within us lies some germ of power,
As lies unguessed, within the seed,
The latent flower.

And under every common sense
That doth its daily use fulfil,
There lies another, more intense
And beauteous still.

This dusty house, wherein is shrined
The soul, is but the counterfeit
Of that which shall be, more refined
And exquisite.

The light which to our sight belongs
Enfolds a light more warm and clear—
Music but imitates the songs
We do not hear.

The fond embrace, the tender kiss,
Which love to its expression brings,
Are but the husk the chrysalis
Wears on its wings.

The vigor falling to decay,
Hopes, impulses that fade and die,
Are but the layers peeled away
From life more high.

When death shall come and disallow
These rough and ugly masks we wear,
I think that we shall be as now,
Only more fair.

And he who makes his love to be
Always around me, sure and calm,
Sees what is possible to me,
Not what I am.

A. C.

A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.

In the report of a Matrimonial Difference recently exhibited before the Divorce Court to public admiration, the husband was shown to have adapted *from* the stage to private life a singular method of regaining his wife's lost affections. He borrowed, from *The Love-chase*, the idea of writing *billets doux* to and from an imaginary young woman, and of leaving them in the way of his spouse, with the intention of provoking her to Jealousy, and by that roundabout method, to Love. The final result of which too ingenious contrivance was, that she obtained a separation.

However allowable and innocent these little experiments may be in themselves, we do not think their general adoption in domestic circles would be advisable. One instance only do we know wherein any method other than the straightforward has in the end succeeded. It is the case of a certain rich old lady, who, whenever one of her daughters gets "engaged," insists upon accompanying her and her intended upon a sort of "experimental trip," before the matrimonial one, to Switzerland or other foreign country. If the gentleman acquits himself with unselfishness and good temper amid all his trials of getting passports *visés* and taking care of luggage, he is permitted to carry off his prize; but if he exhibit, under any circumstances, the cloven hoof, he gets his *congé* from mamma. We are bound to say this plan has proved most successful; and indeed, it is perhaps only, after all, a measure of extreme precaution, and cannot be called by any harsher name. The police, indeed, are in the habit of trying their suspected fellow-creatures by ordeals, such as putting marked money, which they intend to be stolen, into letter-boxes, but the system is even in their case open to censure; while who that, in his youth, has been addicted to jam and averse to jalap, but would detest its introduction into our own households? Imagine a trusting lad, whose worst weakness is that of having a sweet tooth, repairing to the well known though forbidden preserve cupboard, inserting his ingenious fingers into *all* the pots—so that the deficiency should be equally distributed, and charitably be ascribed to fermentation—hovering from sweet to sweet like the busy bee, and in the seventh (or eighth, perhaps) heaven of an enjoyment that he will never feel in manhood or even adolescence; and conceive the change in that blithe boy, if the ogress, the housekeeper, shall have mingled with her lessening stores one of the most powerful domestic medicines! We draw a veil over that guilty woman's mental state, as over the young gentleman's physical condition. His revenge, on the other hand, would be base, however fitting, if he should introduce into the spirit-bottle of his father's cellaret any medicinal liquid calculated to disagree with *her*. The stern moralist, approving the conduct of neither one nor the other, can only shake his head, and send for the family apothecary.

Would it be fair to Mr. Younghusband himself, who is forbidden to smoke, or even to frequent the company of smokers, if his wife should leave a cigar-box in his study, and come in upon him unexpectedly at the second whiff, while he was leaning his body perhaps half out of the window, to prevent the possibility of annoyance to her from the delicate perfume? Or would it be fair to Mrs. ——. But that is the very matter we are coming to, which, affording as it does a warning to all persons who are tempted to make dangerous experiments upon the virtue of their fellow creatures, must by no means be dismissed in a paragraph.

Mr. Younghusband, although he has been married a good deal more than once, is nevertheless—singular to say—somewhat suspicious of women. Far from being in general an admirer of Lord Byron or his opinions, he yet agrees with that poet in ascribing a very considerable influence over the softer sex to opportunity. "If a woman sees a becoming bonnet that she knows she can never afford to buy, sir, and the milliner says: 'It's no consequence ma'am; I can wait for the money a little while;' she'll come home with that bonnet upon her head, or in a bandbox, to a certainty. They *can't* resist it, sir, for resistance isn't in 'em."

Such being Mr. Y.'s openly expressed opinion, one would imagine that he would be the last person to have made experiments of a tentative kind upon his own better-halves—that the attraction of the earth being settled, he would not be throwing apples into the air all day to see whether they would come down or no. Such however, we regret to say, is the fact, and even in the case of the last, that is to say the present, Mrs. Younghusband, our suspicious friend could not forbear testing her conjugal devotion. There was not, we beg to state, the very slightest ground for such a proceeding; the gentleman is a good-looking, smooth faced personage, of peaceful appearance—being indeed a clergyman and the lady looks up to him (he having considerably the advantage in point of years) with the affectionate reverence that is his due; they get on, in short, exceedingly well together, and he is not so addicted as so experienced a matrimonialist might be forgiven for being, to throwing at her the good-behavior of his other wives, whenever she displeases him.

It was during their wedding-tour, and while they were journeying from Bristol northward, that the idea of the unwarrantable proceeding which we are about to relate, entered suddenly into his foolish old noddle. Most persons have heard of the Box Tunnel—the largest but one, if not the largest, of the Tartarean roads for which our railways are celebrated; the ordinary Great Western speed is lessened as its trains burrow under that long hill, and only a well-like shaft at rare intervals assures the passenger that, in spite of appearances he has not left daylight for ever.

In the same first-class carriage with the Younghusbands, got in at Bath a young dragoon, hirsute and of a martial countenance, at sight of whom the wary Benedict—or Benedictissimus—thus soliloquised as they were about to enter the tunnel; "Now will I prove my Angelina, that she loves me and only me, and that the attractions of even this handsome hero would be quite thrown away upon her." So, in the darkness and the thunder of their subterranean journey, this cunning man leaned forward in his seat—so that his face would seem to come from the opposite side where sat the soldier—and on the lip of his unsuspicious consort imprinted an experimental kiss. He was back again, and wearing an unconscious countenance as they whirled beneath the shaft, when the momentary light revealed his bride—oh, Heavens!—as quiet, composed, and innocent of anything having just occurred, as himself! Again this deceiver did it, again and again, as many kisses did he bestow upon her as there were shafts—as though they had been Cupid's shafts—and still the lady took them, and made neither sign nor scream. Mr. Younghusband was almost out of his mind with jealousy, and ready to tear from his head that hair among which the fingers of Time had already been gleaning. There was but a very little darkness now remaining wherein the star of Angelina's constancy might yet display itself—the space between the last shaft and the termination of the tunnel. This precious interval he employed in counterfeiting with renewed care his military *vis-a-vis;* he fortunately possessed a very long neck; and by craning round, he even succeeded in saluting the dear girl upon the cheek that was, according to their relative positions, away from him—thereby, as he imagined, placing the identity of himself with the handsome dragoon beyond all question with her.

Conceive, therefore, Mr. Younghusband's excessive dismay when his Angelina, after suffering him with much equanimity to "graze"—as he subsequently expressed it, to Mrs. Y.'s indignation—for a considerable period, very quietly kissed him again. In the whole annals of love making, there was never probably any precedent for a swain so singularly discomfited; if she had but slapped his face, he would have thanked her from the bottom of his heart. Mr. Younghusband had often had occasion to moralise, professionally, upon the vile hypocrisy of the human family; but he had never before beheld, as he thought, so tremendous an example of it as he read in his Angelina's face when it emerged from that Box Tunnel. Had she been a Sister of Charity, who had employed herself throughout the darkness in telling her beads or saying her prayers, she could not have presented to his astonished gaze a more childlike expression of feminine innocence.

He told her to let down the window, which had been closed during the passage, in so sharp a marital tone, that the dragoon looked up in chivalric pity for her, and drove Mr. Y. thereby to the confines of madness; nor was it without difficulty that he repressed his indignation until that disturber of his peace had left the carriage, and himself and his abandoned helpmate were once more alone together.

"Madam," cried he, "that fellow kissed you as we came through the tunnel, and you know it."

"But how do *you* know it?" asked Mrs. Younghusband, with a comical twinkle of her eye that would have disarmed a pacha.

"And you kissed him again," continued he, in vain endeavoring to keep warm his jealous wrath.

"Only once," replied Angelina, laughing—"only once and away."

It was impossible that even Mr. Younghusband could hold out any longer in his unwarrantable suspicions, so he relapsed at once into confidence and the domestic affections.

"But, Angelina, my love, *do* tell me; how *did* you know it was me?"

"Know?" answered she naively—"why, very easily; *it's as different as possible when a person has moustaches, and when a person has not!*"

Mr. Younghusband, who had been upon the point of regaining tranquility, was plunged once more into suspicions by this reply—for might she not have been enjoying two sets of kisses in the tunnel? but he has made up his mind to believe this, at all events—that nothing satisfactory is to be derived from any experiments of the dangerous character of the above.

Hearing Through the Open Mouth.—A correspondent of the *Notes and Queries* states that a deaf friend of his found he could hear with tolerable distinctness when he placed the rim of his hat in his mouth. The correspondent has tried the experiment with other deaf friends, and generally with success. It may be questioned if the rim of the hat has anything to do with the case. The mere opening of the mouth, by allowing the sound to pass in by the Eustachian tube, may be what enabled these persons to hear. It is for the sake of this help to hearing, that, when we are very intent in listening, we instinctively open our mouths.

THE WILL OF PETER THE GREAT.*

PRELIMINARY CONSIDERATIONS.†

In the name of the most Holy and Indivisible Trinity, we, Peter the First, Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, &c., to all our descendants and successors to the throne and government of the Russian nation:

God, from whom we derive our existence, and to whom we owe our crown, having constantly enlightened us by His Spirit, and sustained us by His divine help, allows me to look on the Russian people as called upon hereafter to *hold sway over Europe!* My reason for thus thinking *is*, that the European nations have mostly reached a state of old age, bordering on imbecility, or they are rapidly approaching it; naturally, then, they will be *easily* and *indubitably* conquered by a people strong in youth and vigor, especially when this latter shall have attained its full strength and power. I look on the future invasion of the eastern and western countries by the north, as a periodical movement, ordained by Providence, who in like manner *regenerated* the Roman nation by barbarian invasions. These emigrations of men from the north are as the reflux of the Nile, which, at certain periods, comes to fertilize the impoverished lands of Egypt by its deposit. I found Russia as a *rivulet*, I leave it a *river;* my successors will make of it a *large sea*, destined to fertilize the impoverished lands of Europe; and its waters will overflow, in spite of opposing dams, erected by weak hands, if our descendants only know how to direct its course. This is the reason I leave them the following instructions. I give these countries to their watchfulness and care, as Moses gave the Tables of the Law to the Jewish people.

I. Keep the Russian nation in a state of continual war, so as to have the soldier always under arms, and ready for action, excepting when the finances of the state will not allow of it. Keep up the forces; choose the best moment for attack. By these means you will be ready for war even in the time of peace. This is the interest of the future aggrandisement of Russia.

II. Endeavor, by every possible means, to bring in, from the neighboring civilised countries of Europe, officers in time of war, and learned men in times of peace, thus giving the Russian people the advantages enjoyed by other countries, without allowing them to lose any of their own self-respect.

III. On every occasion take a part in the affairs and quarrels of Europe; above all, in those of Germany, which country being the nearest, more immediately concerns us.

IV. *Divide* Poland, by exciting civil discord there; win over the nobility by bribery; *corrupt the diets*, so as to have influence in the election of kings; get partisans into office—protect them;‡ bring to sojourn there the Muscovite troops, until such time as they can be permanently established there. If the neighboring powers start difficulties, appease them, for a time, by parcelling out the country, *until you can retake in detail all that has been ceded.*

V. *Take as much as you can from Sweden;* and cause yourselves to be attacked by her, *so as to have a pretext for subduing her.* To accomplish this, sever Denmark from Sweden, and Sweden from Denmark, carefully keeping up their rivalries.

VI. *Always choose* as wives for the Russian princes, German princesses, so as to increase family alliances, to draw mutual interests closer, and by *propagating our principles in Germany*, to enlist her in our cause.

VII. England requiring us for her navy, and she being the only power that can aid in the development of ours, seek a commercial alliance with her, in preference to any other. Exchange our wood and the productions of our land for her gold, and establish between her merchants, her sailors, and ours, a continual intercourse; this will aid in perfecting the Russian fleet for navigation and commerce.

VIII. *Extend* your possessions towards the north, along the Baltic; and *towards the south, by the Black Sea.*

IX. *Approach as near as possible to Constantinople and its outskirts.* He who shall reign there will be the true sovereign of the world. Consequently, be continually at war—sometimes with the Turks, sometimes with Persia. Establish dockyards on the Black Sea; get entire possession of it by degrees, also of the Baltic Sea; *this being necessary to the accomplishment of the plan.* Hasten the decline of Persia; penetrate to the Persian Gulf; re-establish, if possible, the ancient commerce of the Levant through Syria, and *make your way to the Indies*—they are the emporium of the world. Once there, you can do without the gold of England.

X. Seek, and carefully keep up an alliance with Austria; acquiesce, apparently, in her ideas of dominating over Germany; at the same time, clandestinely exciting against her the jealousy of the neighboring provinces.—Endeavor that the aid of Russia should be called for by one and the other, so that, by exercising a kind of guardianship over the country, you prepare a way for governing hereafter.

XI. Give the House of Austria an interest for joining in banishing the Turks from Europe;

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* Deposited in the archives of the palace of Peterhof, near St. Petersburg.

† This authentic document (the supreme foundation and law of Russian politics since the time of Peter I.) was confidentially deposited in the hands of the Abbe de Bernis, Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1757; and also in those of Louis XV.—See the *Memoirs of the Chevalier d' Eon*, t. I. p. 170. A copy is also to be found in the diplomatic archives of the French Empire, and a transcript of this appears in the volume, *Politique de la Russie en Orient—par Victor Morgugo*, from which our translation is taken.

‡ "To *steal* and *lie*," said Balharn, one of the best Russian writers, "are the two auxiliary verbs of our language." Certainly Peter I. has made good use of them in his will, adding now and then the verbs, to *extend*, to *advance*, to *divide*, to *share*, to *dominate*, to *subdue*, to *corrupt*, &c.

§ Stanislaus Poniatowski, lover of Catharine II., and last king of Poland, was elected by the influence of the Princes Augustus and Michael Czartoryski, his parents being declared partisans of Russia.

defraud her of her share of the booty, at the conquest of Constantinople, either by raising a war for her with the ancient states of Europe, or by giving her a portion which you will *take back at a future period.*

XII. Attach to yourselves, and assemble around you, all the united Greeks, as also the disunited or schismatics, which are scattered either in Hungary, Turkey, or the south of Poland. Make yourselves their centres, their chief support, and lay the foundation for universal supremacy by establishing a kind of royalty or sacerdotal government; the Slavonic Greeks will be so many friends that you will have scattered among your enemies.

XIII. Sweden severed, Persia and Turkey conquered, Poland subjugated, our armies reunited, the Black and the Baltic Seas guarded by our vessels, you must make propositions separately and discreetly—first to the court of Versailles, then to that of Vienna, to share with them the empire of the universe.

If one of them accept—and it cannot be otherwise, so as you flatter their pride and ambition—make use of it to crush the other; then crush, in its turn, the surviving one, by engaging with it in a death-struggle, the issue of which cannot be doubtful, Russia possessing already all the east and a great part of Europe!

XIV. If—which is not likely—both refuse the *propositions of Russia*, you must manage to raise quarrels for them, and make them exhaust one another; then profiting by a decisive moment, Russia will bring down her assembled troops on Germany; at the same time, two considerable fleets will set out—the one from the Sea of Azov, the other from the port of Archangel—loaded with Asiatic hordes, under the convoy of the armed fleets from the Black Sea and the Baltic. Advancing by the Mediterranean and the Atlantic Ocean, they will invade France on one side, whilst Germany will already have been invaded on the other. These countries conquered, the rest of Europe will easily pass under the yoke, without striking a single blow.

XV. Thus Europe can and ought to be subdued.

PETER I.,
Autocrat of all the Russias.

Wit and Humor

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

Once, two ministers of the Gospel were conversing on extemporaneous preaching.

"Well," said the old divine, waxing warm, "you are ruining yourself by writing your sermons and reading them off. Your congregation cannot become interested in your preaching; and if you were called upon to preach unexpectedly, unless you could get hold of an old sermon, you would be completely confused."

The young divine used all his eloquence, but in vain, to convince the old gentleman that the written sermon expressed his own thoughts and feeling, and, if called upon, he could preach extemporaneously.

"As we are of the same faith," said the young minister, "suppose you try me next Sabbath morning. On ascending the pulpit you can hand me a text from any part of the Bible, and I will convince you that I can preach without having looked at the text before I stood up. Likewise, I must be allowed the same privilege with you, and see who will make the best of it."

The idea seemed to delight the old gentleman, and it was immediately agreed upon.

The following Sabbath, on mounting the pulpit, his senior brother handed him a slip of paper, on which was written: "And the ass opened his mouth and spake;" from which he preached a glorious sermon, chaining the attention of his delighted hearers, and charming his old friend with his eloquence.

In the afternoon, the young brother, who was sitting below the pulpit, handed his slip. After rising and opening the Bible, the old man looked sadly around—"Am I not thine ass?" Pausing a few minutes, he ran his fingers through his hair, straightened his collar, blew his nose like the last trumpet, and read aloud—'Am I not thine ass?" Another pause, in which a deadly silence reigned. After reading a third time—"Am I not thine ass?" he looked over the pulpit at his friend, and in a doleful voice, said—"*I think I am, brother.*"

The Painter and the Prince.—Frank Leslie's News tells the following capital "Rowland for an Oliver" anecdote, as of recent occurrence in New York:

Some few days since, Judge Whitley was subpœnaed as a witness in the Forrest case. His old acquaintance, Prince John Van Buren, was the examining counsel. The Judge, who now and then aims at the facetious, was asked by the Prince what his occupation was.

"Oh," said he, "I'm a painter, poet, politician, justice of the peace, editor—in a word, a Jack of all trades."

"Put that down," said the Prince. "Jack of all trades."

"Excuse me," replied the Judge, "that was a mere pleasantry. I protest against your putting that down."

"I insist," retorted the pertinacious Prince; and it was duly entered that Thomas W. Whitley confessed to being a Jack of all trades.

In a few minutes afterwards the facetious Jack of all trades had his revenge on the Princely Jack of all parties; for, upon his asking how it was that Whitley was so sure he was in Buffalo in 1848, the sarcastic Jersey Justice said, in a most emphatic manner:

"Because I had then the pleasure of hearing Mr. John Van Buren make his famous free-soil speech!"

A laugh from the spectators greeted the retort, while the Prince groaned inwardly.

☞ A few days since, a "wee bit of boy" astonished his mother. She had occasion to chastise him slightly for some offence he had committed. Charley sat very quietly in his chair for some time afterward, no doubt thinking very profoundly. At last he spoke out thus—"Mamzer, I wish pa'd get another housekeeper; I've got tired seein' you 'round!"

The Difference Between French and American Brandy.—A gentleman of our acquaintance wished to purchase some good brandy to be used in sickness, and called on an old German liquor dealer in Philadelphia, when the following dialogue ensued:

"Have you any imported brandy—genuine stuff?"

"Very goot prandy. Come and trink some claret punch; dat ish goot, too, ven de vedder ish hot."

"No, I thank you, I want a little brandy for a sick man."

"Come and try de punch. One vriend from Germany peen here. I see him not pefore, for many years. We peen trinking de punch."

"Come and tell me about the brandy. I want a little of the best in market."

The old gentleman was a little mellow—just enough to make him talkative; and the visit of his friend had so warmed his sympathies as to make him communicative.

"Now, my vriend, you vants goot prandy, and I sells you goot prandy. Dare ish some prandy I makes myself, and dat ish goot. Dare ish some I pought in New York, and dat ish *cheap* prandy. Dare ish some dat I imported from Vrance, and dat ish verra goot, *too*."

"Did you say you made that lot yourself?"

"Dat I makes myself, and I *warrants* dat. It ish made of de verra best whiskey."

"Whiskey! I don't want any of your infernal concoctions made of whiskey and called brandy."

(Old gentleman, solemnly,) "It is all made of whiskey, my vriend, and dat ish de reason why de Vrench prandy in not so goot as goot American prandy. No prandy ish now distilled from wine any more: it is not possible to make it sheap enough for dis market from wine and de American people do not like de real prandy because they are not used to it."

"Did you say that French brandy is not so good as our own manufacture? We import some brandy from France, do we not?"

"Oh, we import plenty of prandy to please de rich peoples, but ish not goot. In Vrance de prandy ish made of potato whiskey and dat is not so goot as de corn whiskey what we makes into prandy here!"—*Chester County Times.*

Hard to Beat.—The best thing we have heard of an antiquarian, is told of William F. Goodwin, Esq., of Concord, N. H., who is acknowledged to be the greatest antiquarian in New England. Mr. G., in order to add another valuable volume of legal lore to his already well stocked library, is engaged in hunting up copies of the celebrated criminal trials that have taken place in the State of New Hampshire. Observing in a catalogue of books issued by an old and distinguished publishing house in New York, that a copy of a trial he was in search of, was for sale, Mr. G. immediately wrote to the firm requesting them to forward it to him. By due course of mail he received a letter informing him that the copy of the trial he desired had been sold, but that they would procure another copy for him, and that their business was so extensive, both in this country and in Europe, that *they could furnish him with a copy of any trial he might desire.* Mr. G. having been placed in the same position several times by attempting to purchase catalogue books with the prices annexed, wrote back the following short but pithy note:

Concord, N. H., July 2, 1859.

Messrs. ——:

Gentlemen: Yours of the 30th of June is at hand. Be kind enough to procure for me, as soon as may be, one copy of the trial of the "*two thieves*" who were hanged, "one on the right hand and another on the left of our Saviour when He was crucified," and very much oblige Your obedient servant,

W. P. Goodwin.

P. S. Be very careful and get the edition that contains the indictment, for I have never been able to find out what those two rascals stole.

The above letter is to be preserved in the New York Historical Society Archives, and a dinner awaits the pleasure of the author.—*Boston Journal.*

The Advantages of Debt.—A dashing young woman having written to her absent husband for the means to pay off "a few small debts," received in reply the following fiscal and philosophic advice:

My Dear Chickey:—Never attempt to get out of debt. The woman who owes nobody is a poor, miserable being; nobody manifests any interest in her welfare—nobody cares a continental cent whether she lives or dies. She is lean, hungry, and generally as poor and wilted as were the pin-feathers on Job's turkey. Look at our great men: they are all debtors—owe everybody; our men of science, our authors, our sensation ministers—all the entire cohort of them are deeper in debt than Pharaoh's army were in the Red Sea. Debt ennobles a woman; gives her a more expanded and liberal view of human nature; makes her energetic, healthy, and active, and keeps her moving—especially if she never pays rent or anything else. Nothing will cure the consumptive quicker than a good, strong dose of debt, properly taken. *To owe, is human: to pay, divine.* Therefore, until woman becomes superhuman she shouldn't attempt to emulate divinity. The science of payment—the true modern science is—get in debt to somebody enough to pay somebody else whom you owe. By this means, you avoid getting out of debt, and yet maintain a reputation of paying. The greatness of a nation increases with its national debt. Make a note of this at ninety days.

Your indebted husband, J. B.

Is a Four Fresny Rolling.—A brilliant young gentleman remarked, the other day, to a lady with whom he was bowling ten pins:

"I think, Miss, that you would have made a capital baker."

"Indeed, sir; why?"

"Because you make such excellent rolls."

Here is another joke in the same line:

"Hollos! who's there?" exclaimed a young man, as he entered the Bowling Saloon at Lake George.

"'Tis I, sir, rolling rapidly," replied a young lady, as she sent a ball whizzing down the alley.

Those Young Ones!—The Rome Sentinel relates that a three-year old girl accompanied her father on a visit to her grand parent in the country, where a blessing is invoked by the white-haired patriarch before each meal. The custom was one with which our little friend had not been made familiar at home, and of course on the first occasion she was silent with interest and curious watchfulness. But when the family gathered around the board the second time after the commencement of her visit, she was prepared for the preliminary religious ceremony, and observing that her father did not seem duly conscious of the approaching solemnity, she called him to order by saying, with stern gravity:

"*Be still, papa—grandpapa's going to talk to his plate pretty soon!*"

Useful Receipts.

Pickled Beans.—Select young beans; string and wash them. Make a brine of salt and water strong enough to bear an egg. Put your beans into it, and let them remain until they change color. Then take them out, and wash them in clear water. Line the bottom of your kettle with green cabbage leaves, put in your beans, and as much vinegar and water, or clear water, as will cover them. Lay cabbage leaves over the top; put them over a slow fire, and let them get scalding hot. When they are green, take them out, and let them drain. Put them in jars with some allspice, cloves, a little mustard seed and scraped horseradish, and enough vinegar to cover them.

Tie them close, and keep them in a cool, dry place.

Pickled Artichokes.—Wash your artichokes, put them in strong salt and water, and let them remain four or five days. Then take them out, rinse them in fresh water, wipe them dry, and put them in jars. Add to them cloves, allspice, and mustard seed. Cover with cold vinegar, and tie them up close.

Pickled Nasturtions.—Lay them in salt and water for two or three days; then wash them in fresh water, and let them drain. Put them in jars, and cover them with cold vinegar.

If it should be preferred, a little spice may be added to the vinegar, but it discolors the pickles.

A little sugar is a very great improvement.

Pickled Mushrooms.—Select small mushrooms, commonly called *buttons*. Cut off the end of each stalk; scrape, wash, and spread them out to drain. Take as much vinegar as will cover them, put into it some stick cinnamon, mace, cloves, allspice, and just enough salt to taste. Put the mushrooms in jars. Boil the spice and vinegar, and pour it over the pickles while hot. Cover them close, as soon as they get cold.—*Widdifield's Cook Book.*

Preserving Hams Through Summer.—Make a number of cotton bags, a little larger than your hams; after the hams are well smoked, place them in the bags; then get the best kind of sweet, well-made hay, cut it with a knife, and with your hands press it well around the hams in the bag; tie the bags with good strings, put on a card of the year to show their age, and hang them up in a garret or some dry room, and they will hang five years, and will be better for boiling than on the day you hung them up. This method costs but little, and the bags will last forty years. No flies or bugs will trouble the hams, if the hay is well pressed around them; the sweating of the hams will be taken up by the hay, and the hay will impart a fine flavor to the hams. The hams should be treated in this way before the hot weather sets in.—*Southern Farmer.*

Cure for Sprains.—In the Paris Hospitals a treatment is practised that is found most successful for a frequent accident, and which can be applied by the most inexperienced. If the ankle is sprained, for instance, let the operator hold the foot in his hands, with the thumbs meeting on the swollen part. These, having been previously greased, are pressed successively with increasing force on the injured and painful spot for about a quarter of an hour.—This application being repeated several times, will, in the course of a day, enable the patient to walk, when other means would have failed to relieve him.

Can Gout be Cured?—It is said that the severest gout has been cured by a persevering use of coffee. In the French colonies, as well as in Turkey, where coffee constitutes the principal beverage, the gout is almost unknown. We do not vouch for the infallibility of this remedy, but it is a harmless one, and worthy of a trial.

Olive Oil as an Antidote in Poisoning.—The Druggist, published in Cincinnati, Ohio, states that a paragraph has been extensively circulated in the daily papers to the effect that olive oil is an antidote for all poisons. This is so far from being true, that it increases the effect of one very common poison—phosphorus—and has no power as an antidote to most of the others. There is no universal antidote, and in cases of poisoning, when the proper remedy is not known, the safest plan, in the absence of a competent physician, is to produce vomiting if it has not already come on, by some simple emetic, such as mustard and water, and then give mucilaginous drinks—such as milk, flour and water, &c.

Ammo for Dogs.—Tansy is highly recommended as an antidote to fleas. Give a bed of it to your dog.

Dummy Doors in Libraries.—Speaking of "dummy doors," sometimes absolutely necessary in a library for the concealment of closets, and the maintenance of general uniformity, Mr. Leighton gives us this pleasant information:—"The titles of the works selected (for these mock-volumes) ought at once to indicate the fictitious nature of the sport. In the collections of the Duke of Devonshire, at Chatsworth, and the late Samuel Rogers, in London, these false backs were made the medium of much wit; instead of mock Miltons and spurious Shakspeares, tall Thomsons and short Spensers, fat Bacons and thin Longfellows, were to be found such books as 'The Circle Squared,' 'Nebuchadnezzar on Grasses,' 'The Babylon Court Guide,' 'Sir C. Hatton on Dancing,' 'Canute on Tidal Waves,' 'Pantographs of the Ancients,' &c.; these, with the titles of unwritten works of great authors, affording matter for thought."

THE WORN WEDDING-RING.

Your wedding-ring wears thin, dear wife; ah, summers not a few,
Since I put it on your finger first, have passed o'er me and you;
And, love, what changes we have seen—what cares and pleasures too—
Since you became my own dear wife, when this old ring was new.

Oh, blessings on that happy day, the happiest of my life,
When, thanks to God, your low sweet "Yes" made you my loving wife;
Your heart will say the same, I know; that day's as dear to you,
That day that made me yours, dear wife, when this old ring was new.

How well do I remember now, your young sweet face that day:
How fair you were—how dear you were—my tongue could hardly say;
Nor how I doted on you: ah, how proud I was of you;
But did I love you more than now, when this old ring was new?

No—no; no fairer were you then than at this hour to me,
And dear as life to me this day, how could you dearer be?
As sweet your face might be that day as now it is, 'tis true,
But did I know your heart as well when this old ring was new?

Oh, partner of my gladness, wife, what care, what grief is there,
For me you would not bravely face—with me you would not share?
Oh, what a weary want had every day, if wanting you,
Wanting the love that God made mine when this old ring was new.

Years bring fresh links to bind us, wife—small voices that are here,
Small faces round our fire that make their mother's yet more dear,
Small, loving hearts, your care each day makes yet more like to you,
More like the loving heart made mine when this old ring was new.

And, blessed be God, all He has given are with us yet; around
Our table, every little life lent to us, still is found;
Though cares we've known, with hopeful hearts the worst we've struggled through;
Blessed be His name for all His love since this old ring was new.

The past is dear; its sweetness still our memories treasure yet;
The griefs we've borne, together borne, we would not now forget;
Whatever, wife, the future brings, heart unto heart still true,
We'll share as we have shared all else since this old ring was new.

And if God spare us 'mongst our sons and daughters to grow old,
We know His goodness will not let your heart or mine grow cold;
Your aged eyes will see in mine all they've still shown to you,
And mine in yours all they have seen since this old ring was new.

And oh, when death shall come at last to bid me to my rest,
May I die looking in those eyes, and resting on that breast;
Oh, may my parting gaze be blessed with the dear sight of you,
Of those fond eyes—fond as they were when this old ring was new. W. C. B.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XVII.

ONE EIGHT.

Never did the sun go down with a brighter glory on the quiet corner in Soho, than one memorable evening when the Doctor and his daughter sat under the plane-tree together. Never did the moon rise with a milder radiance over great London, than on that night when it found them still seated under the tree, and shone upon their faces through its leaves.

Lucie was to be married to morrow. She had reserved this last evening for her father, and they sat alone under the plane tree.

"You are happy, my dear father?"

"Quite, my child."

They had said little, though they had been there a long time. When it was yet light enough to work and read, she had neither engaged herself in her usual work, nor had she read to him. She had employed herself in both ways, at his side under the tree, many and many a time; but, this time was not quite like any other, and nothing could make it so.

"And I am very happy to-night, dear father. I am deeply happy in the love that Heaven has so blessed—my love for Charles, and Charles's love for me. But, if my life were not to be still consecrated to you, or if my marriage were so arranged as that it would part us, even by the length of a few of these streets, I should be more unhappy and self-reproachful now, than I can tell you. Even as it is—"

Even as it was, she could not command her voice.

In the sad moonlight, she clasped him by the neck, and laid her face upon his breast. In the moonlight which is always sad, as the light of the sun itself is—as the light called human life is—at its coming and its going.

"Dearest dear! Can you tell me, this last time, that you feel quite, quite sure no new affections of mine, and no new duties of mine, will ever interpose between us? *I* know it well, but do you know it? In your own heart, do you feel quite certain?"

Her father answered, with a cheerful firmness of conviction he could scarcely have assumed, "Quite sure, my darling! More than that," he added, as he tenderly kissed her; "my future is far brighter, Lucie, seen through your marriage, than it could have been—nay, than it ever was—without it."

"If I could hope *that*, my father!"

"Believe it love! Indeed, it is so. Consider how natural and how plain it is, my dear, that it should be so. You, devoted and young, cannot freely appreciate the anxiety I have felt that your life should not be wasted—"

She moved her hand towards his lips, but he took it in his and repeated the word.

"—wasted, my child—should not be wasted, struck aside from the natural order of things, for my sake. Your unselfishness cannot entirely comprehend how much my mind has gone on this; but, only ask yourself, how could my happiness be perfect, while yours was incomplete?"

"If I had never seen Charles, my father, I should have been quite happy with you."

He smiled at her unconscious admission that she would have been unhappy without Charles, having seen him, and replied:

"My child, you did see him, and it is Charles. If it had not been Charles, it would have been another. Or, if it had been no other, I should have been the cause, and then the dark part of my life would have cast its shadow beyond itself, and would have fallen on you."

It was the first time, except at the trial, of her ever hearing him refer to the period of his suffering. It gave her a strange and new sensation, while his words were in her ears; and she remembered it long afterwards.

"See!" said the Doctor of Beauvais, raising his hand towards the moon. "I have looked at her, from my prison-window, when I could not bear her light. I have looked at her, when it has been such torture to me to think of her shining upon what I had lost, that I have beaten my head against my prison-walls. I have looked at her, in a state so dull and lethargic, that I have thought of nothing but the number of horizontal lines I could draw across her at the full, and the number of perpendicular lines with which I could intersect them."

He added in his inward and pondering manner, as he looked at the moon,

"It was twenty either way, I remember, and the twentieth was difficult to squeeze in."

The strange thrill with which she heard him go back to that time, deepened as he dwelt upon it; but, there was nothing to shock her in the manner of his reference. He only seemed to contrast his present cheerfulness and felicity with the dire endurance that was over.

"I have looked at her, speculating thousands of times upon the unborn child from whom I had been rent. Whether it was alive. Whether it had been born alive, or the poor mother's shock had killed it. Whether it was a son who would some day avenge his father. (There was a time in my imprisonment, when my desire for vengeance was unbearable.)—Whether it was a son who would never know his father's story; who might even live to weigh the possibility of his father's having disappeared of his own will and act. Whether it was a daughter, who would grow to be a woman."

She drew closer to him, and kissed his cheek and his hand.

"I have pictured my daughter to myself as perfectly forgetful of me—rather, altogether ignorant of me, and unconscious of me. I have cast up the years of her age, year after year. I have seen her married to a man who knew nothing of my fate. I have altogether perished from the remembrance of the living, and in the next generation my place was a blank."

"My father! Even to hear that you had such thoughts of a daughter who never existed, strikes to my heart as if I had been that child."

"You, Lucie! It is out of the consolation and restoration you have brought to me, that these remembrances arise, and pass between us and the moon on this last night! What did I say just now?"

"She knew nothing of you. She cared nothing for you."

"So! But on other moonlight nights, when the sadness and the silence have touched me in a different way—have affected me with a something as like a sorrowful sense of peace, as any emotion that had pain for its foundation could—I have imagined her as coming to me in my cell, and leading me out into the freedom beyond the fortress. I have seen her image in the moonlight often, as I now see you; except that I never held her in my arms; it stood between the little grated window and the door. But, you understand that that was not the child I am speaking of?"

"The figure was not; the—the—image; the fancy?"

"No. That was another thing. It stood before my disturbed sense of sight, but it never moved. The phantom that my mind pursued, was another and more real child. Of her outward appearance, I know no more than that she was like her mother. The other had that likeness too—as you have—but was not the same. Can you follow me, Lucie? Hardly, I think! I doubt you must have been a solitary prisoner to understand these perplexed distinctions."

His collected and calm manner could not prevent her blood from running cold, as he thus tried to anatomize his old condition.

"In that more peaceful state, I have imagined her, in the moonlight, coming to me and taking me out to show me that the home of her married life was full of her loving remembrance of her lost father. My picture was in her room, and I was in her prayers. Her life was active, cheerful, useful; but my poor history pervaded it all."

"I was that child, my father. I was not half so good, but in my love that was I."

"And she showed me her children," said the Doctor of Beauvais, "and they had heard of me, and had been taught to pity me. When they passed a prison of the State, they kept far from its frowning walls, and looked up at its bars, and spoke in whispers. She could never deliver me: I imagined that she always brought me back after showing me such things. But then, blessed with the relief of tears, I fell upon my knees, and blessed her."

"I am that child, I hope, my father. Oh, my dear, my dear, will you bless me as fervently, to-morrow?"

"Lucie, I recall these old troubles in the reason that I have to-night for loving you better than words can tell, and thanking God for my great happiness. My thoughts, when they were wildest, never rose near the happiness that I have known with you, and that we have before us."

He embraced her, solemnly commended her to Heaven, and humbly thanked Heaven for having bestowed her on him. By-and-by, they went into the house.

There was no one bidden to the marriage but Mr. Lorry; there was even to be no bridesmaid but the gaunt Miss Pross. The marriage was to make no change in their place of residence; they had been able to extend it, by taking to themselves the upper rooms formerly belonging to the apocryphal invisible lodger, and they desired nothing more.

Doctor Manette was very cheerful at the little supper. They were only three at table, and Miss Pross made the third. He regretted that Charles was not there; was more than half disposed to object to the loving little plot that kept him away; and drank to him affectionately.

So, the time came for him to bid Lucie good-night, and they separated. But, in the stillness of the third hour of the morning, Lucie came down stairs again, and stole into his room; not free from unshaped fears, beforehand.

All things, however, were in their places; all was quiet; and he lay asleep, his white hair picturesque on the untroubled pillow, and his hands lying quiet on the coverlet. She put her needless candle in the shadow at a distance, crept up to his bed, and put her lips to his; then, leaned over him and looked at him.

Into his handsome face, the bitter waters of captivity had worn; but, he covered up their tracks with a determination so strong, that he held the mastery of them, even in his sleep. A more remarkable face in its quiet, resolute, and guarded struggle with an unseen assailant, was not to be beheld in all the wide dominions of sleep, that night.

She timidly laid her hand on his dear breast, and put up a prayer that she might ever be as true to him as her love aspired to be, and as his sorrows deserved. Then, she withdrew her hand, and kissed his lips once more, and went away. So, the sunrise came, and the shadows of the leaves of the plane-tree moved upon his face, as softly as her lips had moved in praying for him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NINE DAYS.

The marriage day was shining brightly, and they were ready outside the closed door of the Doctor's room, where he was speaking with Charles Darnay. They were ready to go to church; the beautiful bride, Mr. Lorry, and Miss Pross—to whom the event, through a gradual process of reconcilement to the inevitable, would have been one of absolute bliss, but for the yet lingering consideration that her brother Solomon should have been the bridegroom.

"And so," said Mr. Lorry, who could not sufficiently admire the bride, and who had been moving round her to take in every point of her quiet, pretty dress; "and so it was for this, my sweet Lucie, that I brought you across the Channel, such a baby! Lord bless me! How little I thought what I was doing. How lightly I valued the obligation I was conferring on my friend Mr. Charles!"

"You didn't mean it," remarked the matter of fact Miss Pross, "and therefore how could you know it? Nonsense!"

"Really? Well; but don't *cry*," said the gentle Mr. Lorry.

"I am not crying," said Miss Pross; "*you* are."

"I, my Pross!" (By this time, Mr. Lorry dared to be pleasant with her, on occasion.)

"You were just now; I saw you do it, and I don't wonder at it. Such a present of plate as you have made 'em, is enough to bring tears into anybody's eyes. There's not a fork or a spoon in the collection," said Miss Pross, "that I didn't cry over, last night after the box came, till I couldn't see it."

"I am highly gratified," said Mr. Lorry, "though, upon my honor, I had no intention of rendering those trifling articles of remembrance, invisible to any one. Dear me! This is an occasion that makes a man speculate on all he has lost. Dear, dear, dear! To think that there might have been a Mrs. Lorry, any time these fifty years almost!"

"Not at all!" From Miss Pross.

"You think there never might have been a Mrs. Lorry!" asked the gentleman of that name.

"Pooh!" rejoined Miss Pross; "you were a bachelor in your cradle."

"Well!" observed Mr. Lorry, beamingly adjusting his little wig, "that seems probable, too."

"And you were cut out for a bachelor," pursued Miss Pross, "before you were put in your cradle."

"Then, I think," said Mr. Lorry, "that I was very unhandsomely dealt with, and that I ought to have had a voice in the selection of my pattern. Enough! Now, my dear Lucie," drawing his arm soothingly around her waist, "I hear them moving in the next room, and Miss Pross and I, as two formal folks of business, are anxious not to lose the final opportunity of saying something to you that you wish to hear. You leave your good father, my dear, in hands as earnest and as loving as your own; he shall be taken every conceivable care of; during the next fortnight, while you are in Warwickshire and thereabouts, even Tellson's shall go to the wall (comparatively speaking) before him. And when, at the fortnight's end, he comes to join you and your beloved husband, on your other fortnight's trip in Wales, you shall say that we have sent him to you in the best health and in the happiest frame. Now, I hear Somebody's step coming to the door. Let me kiss my dear girl with an old-fashioned bachelor blessing, before Somebody comes to claim his own."

For a moment, he held the fair face from him to look at the well-remembered expression on the forehead, and then laid the bright golden hair against his little brown wig, with a genuine tenderness and delicacy, which, if such things be old-fashioned, were as old as Adam.

The door of the Doctor's room opened, and he came out with Charles Darnay. He was so deadly pale—which had not been the case when they went in together—that no vestige of color was to be seen in his face. But, in the composure of his manner he was unaltered, except that to the shrewd glance of Mr. Lorry it disclosed some shadowy indication that the old air of avoidance and dread had lately passed over him, like a cold wind.

He gave his arm to his daughter, and took her down stairs to the chariot which Mr. Lorry had hired in honor of the day. The rest followed in another carriage, and soon, in a neighboring church where no strange eyes looked on, Charles Darnay and Lucie Manette were happily married.

Besides the glancing tears that shone among the smiles of the little group when it was done, some diamonds, very bright and sparkling, glanced on the bride's hand, which were newly released from the dark obscurity of one of Mr. Lorry's pockets. They returned home to breakfast, and all went well, and in due course the golden hair that had mingled with the poor shoemaker's white locks in the Paris garret, were mingling with them again in the morning sunlight, on the threshold of the door at parting.

It was a hard parting, though it was not *for* long. But, her father cheered her, and said at last, gently disengaging himself from her enfolding arms. "Take her, Charles! She is yours!" And her agitated hand waved to them from a chaise window, and she was gone.

The corner being out of the way of the idle and curious, and the preparations having been very simple and few, the Doctor, Mr. Lorry, and Miss Pross, were left quite alone. It was when they turned into the welcome shade of the cool old hall, that Mr. Lorry observed a great change to have come over the Doctor; as if the golden arm uplifted there had struck him a poisoned blow.

He had naturally repressed much, and some revulsion might have been expected in him when the occasion for repression was gone.—But it was the old scared lost look that troubled Mr. Lorry; and through his absent manner of grasping his head and drearily wandering away into his own room when they got up stairs, Mr. Lorry was reminded of Defarge the wine-shop keeper, and the starlight ride.

"I think," he whispered to Miss Pross, after anxious consideration, "I think we had best not speak to him just now, or at all disturb him. I must look in at Tellson's; so I will go there at once and come back presently. Then we will take him a ride into the country, and dine there, and all will be well."

It was easier for Mr. Lorry to look in at Tellson's, than to look out of Tellson's. He was detained two hours. When he came back, he ascended the old staircase alone, having asked no question of the servant; going thus into the Doctor's rooms, he was stopped by a low sound of knocking.

"Good God!" he said, with a start. "What's that?"

Miss Pross, with a terrified face, was at his ear.

"Oh, me! oh, me! All is lost!" cried she, wringing her hands. "What is to be told to Ladybird? He doesn't know me, and is making shoes!"

Mr. Lorry said what he could to calm her, and went himself into the Doctor's room. The bench was turned towards the light, as it had been when he had seen the shoemaker at his work before, and his head was bent down, and he was very busy.

"Doctor Manette. My dear friend, Doctor Manette."

The Doctor looked at him for a moment—half inquiringly, half as if he were angry at being spoken to—and bent over his work again.

He had laid aside his coat and waistcoat; his shirt was open at the throat, as it used to be when he did that work; and even the old haggard, faded surface of face had come back to him. He worked hard—impatiently—as if in some sense of having been interrupted.

Mr. Lorry glanced at the work in his hand, and observed that it was a shoe of the old size and shape. He took up another that was lying by him, and asked him what it was?

"A young lady's walking shoe," he muttered, without looking up. "It ought to have been finished long ago. Let it be."

"But, Doctor Manette. Look at me!"

He obeyed, in the old mechanically submissive manner, without pausing in his work.

"You know me, my dear friend? Think again. This is not your proper occupation. Think, dear friend!"

Nothing would induce him to speak more. He looked up, for an instant at a time, when he was requested to do so; but, no persuasion would extract a word from him. He worked, and worked, and worked, in silence, and words fell on him as they would have fallen on an echoless wall, or on the air. The only ray of hope that Mr. Lorry could discover, was, that he sometimes furtively looked up without being asked. In that, there seemed a faint expression of curiosity or perplexity—as though he were trying to reconcile some doubts in his mind.

Two things at once impressed themselves on Mr. Lorry, as important above all others; the first, that this must be kept secret from Lucie; the second, that it must be kept secret from all who knew him. In conjunction with Miss Pross, he took immediate steps towards the latter precaution, by giving out that the Doctor was not well, and required a few days of complete rest. In aid of the kind deception to be practised on his daughter, Miss Pross was to write, describing his having been called away professionally, and referring to an imaginary letter of two or three hurried lines in his own hand, represented to have been addressed to her by the same post.

These measures, advisable to be taken in any case, Mr. Lorry took in the hope of his coming to himself. If that should happen soon, he kept another course in reserve; which was, to have a certain opinion that he thought the best, on the Doctor's case.

In the hope of his recovery, and of resort to this third course being thereby rendered practicable, Mr. Lorry resolved to watch him attentively, with as little appearance as possible of doing so. He therefore made arrangements to absent himself from Tellson's for the first time in his life, and took his post by the window in the same room.

He was not long in discovering that it was worse than useless to speak to him, since, on being pressed, he became worried. He abandoned that attempt on the first day, and resolved merely to keep himself always before him, as a silent protest against the delusion into which he had fallen, or was falling. He remained, therefore, in his seat near the window, reading and writing, and expressing in as many pleasant and natural ways as he could think of, that it was a free place.

Doctor Manette took what was given him to eat and drink, and worked on, that first day, until it was too dark to see—worked on, half an hour after Mr. Lorry could not have seen, for his life, to read or write. When he put his tools aside as useless, until morning, Mr. Lorry rose and said to him:

"Will you go out?"

He looked down at the floor on either side of him in the old manner, looked up in the old manner, and repeated in the old low voice:

"Out?"

"Yes; for a walk with me. Why not?"

He made no effort to say why not, and said not a word more. But, Mr. Lorry thought he saw, as he leaned forward on his bench in the dusk, with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands, that he was in some misty way asking himself, "Why not?" The sagacity of the man of business perceived an advantage here, and determined to hold it.

Miss Pross and he divided the night into two watches, and observed him at intervals from the adjoining room. He paced up and down for a long time before he lay down; but, when he did finally lay himself down, he fell asleep. In the morning, he was up betimes, and went straight to his bench and to work.

On this second day, Mr. Lorry saluted him cheerfully by his name, and spoke to him on topics that had been of late familiar to them. He returned no reply, but it was evident that he heard what was said, and that he thought about it, however confusedly. This encouraged Mr. Lorry to have Miss Pross in with her work, several times during the day; at those times they quietly spoke of Lucie, and of her father then present, precisely in the usual manner, and as if there were nothing amiss. This was done without any demonstrative accompaniment, not long enough, or often enough, to harass, him; and it lightened Mr. Lorry's friendly heart to believe that he looked up oftener, and that he appeared to be stirred by some perception of inconsistencies surrounding him.

When it fell dark again, Mr. Lorry asked him as before:

"Dear Doctor, will you go out?"

As before, he repeated,

"Out?"

"Yes; for a walk with me. Why not?"

This time, Mr. Lorry feigned to go out when he could extract no answer from him, and, after remaining absent for an hour, returned. In the meanwhile, the Doctor had removed to the seat in the window, and had sat there looking down at the plane tree, but, on Mr. Lorry's return, he slipped away to his bench.

The time went very slowly on, and Mr. Lorry's hope darkened, and his heart grew heavier again, and grew yet heavier and heavier every day. The third day came and went, the fourth, the fifth. Five days, six days, seven days, eight days, nine days.

With a hope ever darkening, and with a heart always growing heavier and heavier, Mr. Lorry passed through this anxious time. The secret was well kept, and Lucie was unconscious and happy; but, he could not fail to observe that the shoemaker, whose hand had been a little out at first, was growing dreadfully skillful, and that he had never been so intent on his work, and that his hands had never been so nimble and expert, as in the dusk of the ninth evening. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

MISCHIEFS OF TABLE-TIPPING.—Professor Felton, in a recent paper on the present state of the Greek language, gives a humorous description of a table tipping scene in Athens. It says:

"A few years ago, when table-tipping was spreading over Europe, it visited Athens also. There is an amusing article on the subject in the Almanac for 1854, from which I take the following pleasant account of a table which imprudently disclosed the age of a lady who was present:

"I' it only would move and walk about! But its education seems to be improving every day. It already talks and writes, and counts and sings and dances. But with all these feminine accomplishments, it is not free from what are called by men feminine faults. For example, it is talkative, thoughtless, and unable to govern its tongue, or rather its foot. Thus, at an evening party once, after it had answered many interrogatories, to the general wonder and diversion, it was finally questioned about the age of one of the ladies present. The mischievous table, with much grace, raised one of its feet; and began striking the floor lightly, to the very great gratification of all, and especially of the lady, who saw herself the subject of general attention. It struck one, two, five, ten,—and the lady laughed; fifteen, seventeen,—and she continued to laugh. But the table kept on—and the lady's eyebrows began to contract. It struck twenty-one,—and the lady held up her hands; twenty-one, twenty-three, twenty-five—and the lady pressed down on the table with all her might, but the cursed piece of furniture continued obstinately, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty; and it struck the last number with great force, in confirmation of its truth. But on the other hand, at the same moment, the betrayed thirty years old young lady fell backwards in a fainting fit, and all confessed that the experiments of the tables are dangerous, as affecting the nervous system."

☞ Patrick Macfinigan, with a wheelbarrow, ran a race with a locomotive: as the latter went out of sight, Mac observed, "Aff wid ye, ye roarin' blaggard, or I'll be afther runnin' into yese!"

WM. PENN AND PETER THE GREAT.

EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

In the year 1697, William Penn had an interview with the Czar of Muscovy, since celebrated in history as Peter the Great. This enterprising monarch, in order to inform himself concerning the arts and manufactures of nations more civilized than his own, spent some time in Holland and England, where he desired to remain incognito, and even worked as a ship carpenter. When he was in Deptford, William Penn, knowing that this monarch understood no other language than Russian and German, waited on him to present him with some German books, explanatory of Friends' principles, and was cordially received. Penn, conversing fluently in German, spoke to the ambitious conqueror in his usual mild and dignified manner about the folly, barbarity and criminality of waging war, and the sacred duty and blessed results of preserving peace. The grand monarch, so very much inclined to break out in the most violent rage at anything which displeased him, listened not only with patience, but with the greatest attention, and dismissed Penn with the most unequivocal signs of esteem. The impression he had received by this conversation appears to have been lasting, for on the 6th of March, 1711, on the very day when he declared his beloved Catherine, with much pomp and many ceremonies, as his lawful consort and Empress of Russia, he said: "It would perhaps be much better if, in respect to war, all the nations of the world would adopt the principles of the Quakers." In the year 1712, being in the city of Frederickstadt, in Holstein, with an army to assist the Danes against the Swedes, he inquired if there were any Quakers there. Being told that there were some, he asked if they had a meeting-house, and being answered in the affirmative, he desired the Burgomaster of the city to inform them that if they would appoint a meeting, he would attend it. The Burgomaster said there could be no such meeting, because thirty soldiers were quartered in the meeting-house. Peter ordered them to be removed immediately, and the house to be put in order; which being done, the meeting was appointed, and he attended with a number of his officers. One of the Quakers preached in the German language, and Peter interpreted, observing at the close of the meeting, that whoever could live according to that doctrine would be happy.

THE GREAT EASTERN.

The progress which, during the last four weeks, has been made in fitting and equipping the Great Eastern for sea, has been so rapid, that within a month it is expected her steam will be up, and she will be on her way across the Atlantic. Her three iron masts, which have been constructed by Messrs. Finch & Heath, of Chepstow, rise 122 feet above the upper deck, and have a diameter of 3 feet 6 inches for a height of 70 feet, when they decrease gradually to 2 feet 6 inches at the cap. The three wooden masts, which are in their places, were supplied by Messrs. Ferguson, and are magnificent spars. They are not built masts, but are single "sticks," as they are called. The fore and mizen masts are 140 feet in height, and 34 inches in diameter at the deck; the jigger mast is 122 feet in height, and of the same diameter. The trees which form these masts have been brought more than 13,000 miles to occupy their present position, being New Zealand pines. The topmasts are 76 feet in height, and are 22 inches in diameter, or nearly 6 feet in circumference at their base. The main yard is 120 feet long, and at its centre it is a yard in diameter, thick and strong as the masts themselves at the deck. The ship is built in water-tight compartments; and so completely water-tight are they, that a few days since the foremost one was filled with 6,000 tons of water pumped into it from the river, and not a drop escaped into any adjoining portion. The object in pumping this mass of water into the fore part of the ship, was to bring her down at the bows, and raise the stern while they fixed the screw.—This weight brought her down till, as the sailors said, "her nose touched the water." She went down 11 feet forward, and was raised 7 feet aft; a portion of her keel was, in fact, raised out of the water; and yet so strongly and rigidly is she built, that under this enormous strain the ship did not deflect an inch. The engines for working the paddles, it is said, may be completed in a week, cylinders, pistons, and governors being all in their places. The engine for working the screw is in the same state of forwardness, and last week steam was got up for the first time in the boilers of the screw engines. In a few days the whole of the machinery will be in a state to drive the ship through the water with 12,000 horse power. Down in the depths of the engine-room the engineer will receive all his orders from the captain by an electric telegraph. There will be accommodations provided in the first instance for 45 officers of all ranks, and for a crew of 350. The first class portion of the ship will be fitted up in the first grade with 800 beds and sofas. In the second grade there will be accommodation for 400, and in the third grade about the same number. This accommodation for about 2,000 persons for the first voyage will leave untouched some acres of saloons and vacant space in other parts of the ship. The part usually devoted to steerage passengers in other vessels will not be touched at present, and the passengers to be carried in the first trip will be all first class, but of different grades, each grade occupying a separate deck. The cabins are roomy and commodious, admirably ventilated, and the dining rooms are lofty. The first trip will be made to Portland, in the State of Maine, early next month. The sums which have been expended on the ship up to the time of her launch amounted to £640,000. The whole expenditure up to the time of her going to sea will be £970 000., and probably some incidental charges and contingencies will bring the whole up to the round sum of £1,000,000.

☞ The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.—*Swift.*

☞ The reason why whales frequent the Arctic seas, is probably because they supply the "northern lights" with oil.

A GOOD FIGHT.

BY CHARLES READE,

AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG," "NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," &c., &c.

While they stood petrified, fascinated by the eyes of green fire, there sounded in the wood a single deep bay. It was the bay of a blood hound. Martin trembled at it.

"They have lost her, and laid mumbled blood-hounds on her scent. They will find her here, and the venison. Good bye, friends, Martin Wittenhagen ends here."

Gerard seized his bow, and put it into the soldier's hands.

"Be a man," he cried, "shoot her, and fling her into the wood ere they come up. Who will know?"

More voices of hounds broke out, and nearer.

"Curse her!" cried Martin. "I spared her once; now she must die, or I, or both more likely;" and he reared his bow, and drew his arrow to the head.

"No! no!" cried Margaret, and seized the arrow; it broke in half; the pieces fell on each side the bow. The air at the same time filled with the tongues of the hounds; they were hot upon the scent.

"What have you done, wench? You have put the halter round my throat."

"No!" cried Margaret. "I have saved you! stand back from the window! both. Your knife! quick!"

She seized his long pointed knife, almost tore it out of his girdle, and darted from the room. The house was now surrounded with baying dogs and shouting men.

The glow-worm eyes moved not.

CHAPTER XI.

Margaret cut off a huge piece of venison, and ran to the window, and threw it to the green eyes of fire. They darted on it with a savage snarl; and there was a sound of rending and crunching: at this moment, the hound uttered a bay so near and loud it rang through the house; and the three at the window shrank together. Then the leopard feared for her supper, and glided swiftly and stealthily away with it towards the woods, and the very next moment horses and men and dogs came helter skelter past the window, and followed her full cry. Martin and his companions breathed again: the leopard was swift, and would not be caught within a league of their house.

To table once more, and Gerard drank to woman's wit: "'Tis stronger than man's force," said he.

"Ay," said Margaret, "when those she loves are in danger: not else."

To-night Gerard stayed with her longer than usual, and went home prouder than ever of her, and happy as a prince. Some little distance from home, under the shadow of some trees, he encountered two figures; they almost barred his way.

It was his father and mother.

A cold chill fell on him.

He stopped and looked at them; they stood grim and silent. He stammered out some words of inquiry:

"What brought them out so late?"

"Why ask?" said his father; "you can guess why we are here."

"Oh, Gerard!" said his mother, with a voice full of reproach and yet of affection.

Gerard's heart quaked; he was silent.

Then his father pitied his confusion, and said to him:

"Nay, you need not to hang your head.—You are not the first young fool that has been caught by a red cheek, and a pair of blue eyes."

"No, no!" put in Catherine; "it was witchcraft. Peter the Magician is well known for that."

"Come, Sir Priest," resumed his father. "You know you must not meddle with woman-folk. But give us your promise to go no more to Sevenbergen, and here all ends; we won't be hard on you for one fault."

"I can't promise that, father."

"Not promise it, you young hypocrite."

"Nay, father, call me not so; I lacked courage to tell you what I knew would vex you; and right grateful am I to that good friend, whoever he be, that has let you know. 'Tis a load off my mind. Yes, father, I love Margaret; and call me not a priest, for a priest I will never be. I will die sooner."

"That we shall see, young man. Come, gainsay me no more; you will learn what 'tis to offend a father."

Gerard held his peace; and the three walked home in gloomy silence, broken only by a deep sigh or two from Catherine.

From that hour the little house at Targou was no longer the abode of peace. Gerard was taken to task next day before the whole family; and every voice was loud against him, except little Kate's, and the dwarf's, who was apt to take his cue from her without knowing why. As for Cornelius and Sybrandt, they were bitterer than their father. Gerard was dismayed at finding so many enemies, and looked wistfully into his little sister's face: her eyes were brimming at the harsh words showered on one who but yesterday was the universal pet. But she gave him no encouragement: she turned her head away from him, and said:

"Dear, dear Gerard, pray to Heaven to cure you of this folly!"

"What, are you against me too?" said Gerard, sadly, and he rose with a deep sigh, and left the house: and went to Sevenbergen.

The beginning of a quarrel, where the parties are bound by affection though opposed in interest and sentiment, is comparatively innocent; both are in the right at first starting, and then it is that a calm, judicious friend, capable of seeing both sides, is a gift from Heaven. For the longer the dissension endures, the wider and deeper it grows by the fallibility and irascibility of human nature: there are not confined to either side, and finally the invariable end is reached—both in the wrong.

The combatants were unequally matched. Gerard Senior was angry, Cornelis and Sybrandt spiteful; but Gerard, having a larger and more cultivated mind, saw both sides where they saw but one, and had fits of irresolution, and was not wroth, but was unhappy. He was lonely too in this struggle. He could open his heart to no one. Margaret was a high spirited girl: he dared not tell her what he had to endure at home; she was capable of siding with his relations by resigning him, though at the cost of her own happiness. Margaret Van Eyck had been a great comfort to him on another occasion; but now he dared not make her his confidante. Her own history was well known. In early life she had many offers of marriage; but refused them all for the sake of that art to which a wife's and mother's duties are so fatal: thus she remained single and painted with her brothers. How could he tell her that he declined the benefice she had got him, and declined it for the sake of that which at his age she had despised and sacrificed so lightly.

Gerard at this period bade fair to succumb. But the other side had a terrible ally in Catherine Senior. This good hearted but uneducated woman could not, like her daughter, act quietly and firmly: still less could she act upon a plan. She irritated Gerard at times, and so helped him, for anger is a great sustainer of the courage: at others she turned round in a moment and made onslaughts on her own forces. To take a single instance out of many: one day that they were all at home, Catherine and all, Cornelis said: "Our Gerard wed Margaret Brandt! Why it is hunger marrying thirst."

"And what will it be when you marry?" cried Catherine. "Gerard can paint, Gerard can write, but what can you do to keep a woman, ye lazy loon? Nought but wait for your father's shoes. Oh, we can see why you and Sybrandt would not have the poor boy to marry. You are afraid he will come to us for a share of our substance. And suppose he does, and suppose we give it to him, it isn't yours to say nay, and mayhap never will be."

On these occasions Gerard smiled slyly, and picked up heart: and temporary confusion fell on Catherine's unfortunate allies. But at last, after more than six months of irritation, came the climax. The father told the son before the whole family he had ordered the Burgomaster to imprison him in the Stadthouse rather than let him marry Margaret. Gerard turned pale with anger at this, but by a great effort held his peace. His father went on to say, "And a priest you shall be before the year is out, nilly willy."

"Is it so?" cried Gerard. "Then hear me all. By God and St. Baron I swear I will never be a priest while Margaret lives. Since force is to decide it, and not love and duty, try force, father; but force shall not serve you, for the day I see the Burgomaster come for me, I leave Targou forever, and Holland, too, and my father's house, where it seems I have been valued all these years, not for myself, but for what is to be got out of me."

And he flung out of the room white with anger and desperation.

"There!" cried Catherine, "that comes of driving young folks too hard. But men are crueller than tigers, even to their own flesh and blood. Now, Heaven forbid he should ever leave us, married or single."

As Gerard came out of the house, his cheeks pale and his heart panting, he met Richt Heynes; she had a message for him; Margaret Van Eyck desired to see him. He found the old lady seated grim as a judge. She wasted no time in preliminaries, but inquired coldly why he had not visited her of late; before he could answer, she said, in a sarcastic tone,

"I thought we had been friends, young sir."

At this Gerard looked the picture of doubt and consternation.

"It is because you never told her you were in love," said Richt Heynes, pitying his confusion.

"Silence, wench! Why should he tell us his affairs? We are not his friends; we have not deserved his confidence."

"Alas! my second mother," said Gerard, "I did not dare to tell you my folly."

"What folly? Is it folly to love?"

"I am told so every day of my life."

"You need not have been afraid to tell my mistress: she is always kind to true lovers."

"Madam—Richt—I was afraid because I was told—"

"Well, you were told—"

"That in your youth you scorned love, preferring art."

"I did, boy; and what is the end of it?—Behold me here a barren stock, while the women of my youth have a troop of children at their side, and grandchildren at their knee. I gave up the sweet joys of wifehood and motherhood for what? for my dear brothers; they have gone and left me long ago;—for my art, it has left me, too. I have the knowledge still, but what avails that when the hand trembles? No, Gerard: I look on you as my son. You are good, you are handsome, you are a painter, though not like some I have known. I will never let you throw your youth away as I did mine; you shall marry this Margaret. I have inquired, and she is a good daughter. Richt here is a gossip. She has told me all about it. But that need not hinder you to tell me."

Poor Gerard was overjoyed to be permitted to tell his love and his unhappiness, and above all to praise Margaret aloud, and to one who could understand what he loved in her.

Soon there were two pair of wet eyes over his story; and when the poor boy saw that, there were three.

Women are justly famous for courage. Theirs is not exactly the same quality as manly courage; that would never do, hang it all; we should have to give up trampling on them. No; it is a vicarious courage. They never take part in a bull-fight by any chance; but it is remarked that they sit at one unshaken by those tremors and apprehensions for the combatants to which the male spectator—feeble-minded wretch!—is subject. Nothing can exceed the resolution with which they have been known to send forth men to battle; as some witty dog says, "Les femmes sont tres braves avec le pean d'autrui."

By this trait Gerard now profited. Margaret and Richt were agreed that a man should always take the bull by the horns. Gerard's only course was to marry Margaret Brandt offhand; the old people would come to after a while, the deed once done. Whereas, the longer this misunderstanding continued on its present footing, the worse for all parties, especially for Gerard.

"See how pale and thin they have made him among them."

"Indeed you are, Master Gerard," said Richt. "It makes a body sad to see a young man so wasted and worn. Mistress, when I met him in the street to day, I had like to have burst out crying—he was so changed."

"And I'll be bound the others keep their color; eh, Richt? such as it is."

"Oh, I see no odds in them."

"Of course not. We painters are no match for boors. We are glass, they are stone. We can't stand the worry, worry, worry of little minds; and it is not for the good of mankind we should be exposed to it. It is hard enough, God knows, to design and paint a master-piece, without having gnats and flies stinging us to death into the bargain."

Exasperated as Gerard was by his father's threat of violence, he listened to these friendly voices telling him his most prudent course was rebellion. But though he listened he was not convinced.

"I do not fear my father's violence," he said, "but I do fear his anger. When it came to the point he would not imprison me. I would marry Margaret to-morrow if that was my only fear. No; he would disown me. I should take Margaret from her father, and give her a poor husband, who would never thrive, weighed down by his parent's curse. Oh, madam! I sometimes think if I could but marry her secretly, and then take her away to some country where my craft is better paid than in this: and after a year or two, when the storm had blown over, you know, could come back with money in my purse, and say, 'My dear parents, we do not seek your substance, we but ask you to love us once more as you used, and as we have never ceased to love you'—but, alas! I shall be told these are the dreams of an inexperienced young man."

The old lady's eyes sparkled.

"It is no dream, but a piece of wonderful common sense in a boy; it remains to be seen whether you have spirit to carry out your own thought. There is a country, Gerard, where certain fortune awaits you at this moment. Here the arts freeze, but there they flourish, as they never yet flourished in any age or land."

"It is Italy!" cried Gerard. "It is Italy!"

"Yes, Italy! where painters are honored like Princes, and scribes are paid three hundred crowns for copying a single manuscript. Know you not that his Holiness the Pope, has written to every land for skilful scribes to copy the hundreds of precious manuscripts that are pouring into that favored land from Constantinople, whence learning and learned men are driven by the barbarian Turks?"

"Nay, I know not that; but it has been the dream and hope of my life to visit Italy, the queen of all the arts. Oh, madam! but the journey, and we are all so poor."

"Find you the heart to go, I'll find the means. I know where to lay my hand on ten golden angels to take you to Rome: and the girl will go with you if she loves you as she ought."

They sat till midnight over this theme. And, after that day, Gerard recovered his spirits, and seemed to carry some secret talisman against all the gibes and the harsh words that flew about his ears at home.

Besides the money she procured him for the journey, Margaret Van Eyck gave him money's worth. Said she, "I will tell you secrets that I learned from masters that are gone from me, and have left no fellow behind. Even the Italians know not everything; and what I tell you now in Targou you may sell dear in Florence. Note my brother John's pictures: time, which fades all other paintings, leaves his colors bright as the day they left the easel. The reason is, he did nothing blindly, nothing in a hurry. He trusted to no hireling to grind his colors; he did it himself, or saw it done. His panel was prepared, and prepared again—I will show you how—a year before he laid his color on. Most of them are quite content to have their work sucked up and lost sooner than not be in a hurry—bad painters are always in a hurry. Above all, Gerard, I warn you never boil your oil; boiling it melts that vegetable dross into its very heart, which it is our business to clear away; for impure oil is death to color. No; take your oil and pour it into a bottle with water. In a day or two, the water will turn muddy: that is muck from the oil. Pour the dirty water carefully away, and add fresh. When that is poured away, you will fancy the oil is clear. You are mistaken. Richt, fetch me that!" Richt brought a glass trough with a glass lid fitting tight. "When your oil has been washed in the bottle, put it into this trough with water, and put the trough in the sun all day. You will soon see the water turbid again. But mark, you must not carry this game too far, or the sun will turn your oil to varnish. When it is as clear as crystal, and not too drying, drain carefully, and cork it up tight. Grind your own prime colors, and lay them on with this oil, and they shall live. Hubert would put sand or salt in the water to clear the oil quicker. But John used to say, 'Water will do it best, if you but give water time.' Jan Van Eyck was never in a hurry, and that is why the world will not forget him in a hurry."

This and several other receipts—que nunc prescribere longum est—Margaret gave him with sparkling eyes, and Gerard received them like a legacy from Heaven, so interesting are some things that read uninteresting. Thus provided with money and knowledge, Gerard decided to marry and fly with his wife to Italy. Nothing remained now but to inform Margaret Brandt of his resolution, and to publish the bans as quietly as possible. He went to Sevenbergen earlier than usual on both these errands. He began with Margaret: told her of the Dame Van Eyck's goodness, and the resolution he had come to at last, and invited her co-operation.

She refused it plump.

CHAPTER XII.

"No, Gerard; you and I have never spoken of your family, but when you come to marriage—" She stopped, then began again. "I do think your father has no objection to me more than to another. He told Peter Buyuken as much, and Peter told me. But so long as he is so bent on your being a priest (you ought to have told me this instead of I you), I could not marry you, Gerard, dearly as I love you."

Gerard strove in vain to shake this resolution. He found it easy to make her cry, but impossible to make her yield. Then Gerard was impatient and unjust.

"Very well!" he cried, "then you are on their side, and you will drive me to be a priest, for this must end one way or another. My parents hate me in earnest, but my lover only loves me in jest!"

And with this wild, bitter speech, he flung away home again, and left Margaret weeping.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE WHITE APRON.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

It might be a curious question, worth asking and ascertaining, of persons whose names are famous in history or prominent among the heroic traditions of war, how large is the proportion composed of those who have greatness thrust upon them, compared to individuals who, by the virtues of true courage, perseverance, boldness, and sagacity, have achieved it for themselves?

It is at all events one that rises to the mind after hearing the story of Johanna Stegen, a fortunate milkmaid of Luneberg, who, by no particular effort of her own, save a forced compliance, rose to fame, ultimate elevation in rank, and extreme prosperity.

In 1813 the French, greatly to the disgust of the conquered, still occupied Luneberg. A time however was at hand when the power that deemed itself all but omnipotent, was to totter, and presently to fall down amidst the well-earned execrations of all Europe.

But it is the story of the fortunate milkmaid which is the object of this paper, not the progress and termination of the first Napoleon's wars.

On the outskirts of Luneberg, there stood then, and very possibly still remains, a little settlement of milch farm-houses. The inhabitants of this village, which is called Grimm, carried on a brisk trade by supplying the lacteal fluid in large quantities to Luneberg, which city depended mainly on these farms for that important article of diet. Our heroine, Johanna, was employed in one of these rural dairies, and was, in short, just a milkmaid and nothing more. Truth compels her biographer to state that there was little enough of the picturesque in our Johanna's personal appearance, and that she had even more than the usual bucolic attributes of robust health and florid bloom, charms accompanied moreover by locks whose redness was a fact above all contradiction.

But Fate, the mighty, can overcome all; and, for anything we know, could even make an empress, of a short, stout, red-headed dairy-woman.

Little indeed Johanna dreamed when—her milk-pails slung from her square shoulders—she issued forth on a certain morning, the exact date of which the present biographer fairly owns to have been unable to ascertain; little did she dream or think—supposing she was even in the habit of thinking, to which practice luckily for their health and vigor, milk maids are not prone—that fortune was waiting slyly, in no far-off nook, to invest her with all that the heart of woman is said—mind, only said—to love best, viz., rank, homage, wealth, and fame.

By Johanna's side, on that memorable morning, came forth at the same time, similarly laden, a being, gentler and fairer, though in all likelihood no better nurtured or cultivated than her companion. This young person was an assistant dairymaid, and in this narrative, with the courteous reader's leave, shall be called "Caroline."

These girls were bound on their usual errand, taking to Luneberg supplies of rich creamy fluid. They chatted, and sang, and laughed on their road from Grimm to Luneberg, a distance of probably not more than a mile and a half. Suddenly, as they were nearing the city, Johanna halted.

"What dost thou stare at?" says Caroline, in her guttural German. "I see nothing." (*Ich sehe nichts.*)

"Canst hear neither, perhaps," answered Johanna, raising her hand and pointing.

And now indeed Caroline heard sharp and loud reports, which gave her an idea, expressed curtly enough.

"Fighting, eh?" quoth Caroline.

"Come on," answered Johanna; "the milk must go to Luneberg, if Boney himself be there! We're late enough now, I tell you."

For Caroline showed symptoms of turning back towards Grimm, a tendency to cowardism which plainly proves her to have had no pretensions to be a heroine, and which ought to reconcile us to her ultimate fate.

"Come on, I tell you, fool! they won't hurt us!"

"No, but the bullets may. Hark! there they go—pop! pop! Johanna, never mind the milk—let the people want their breakfasts for once."

But, arguing thus, they walked on; and as it proved, marched right into the lion's mouth. When it was too late, even for women as they were, to retreat, they found themselves right in the midst of Prussian and Russian soldiers, who, up to that moment, had been pouring their fire against Luneberg.—There was, however, just then, a momentary forced cessation of hostilities on the side of the assaulting party, and, in fact, the French were rapidly gaining the advantage. An accident had occurred. Close before Johanna and Caroline, a cart laden with cartridges had been overturned, and its contents were strewed on the ground. No one was near it save a dead trooper or two, and one who was just expiring. Caroline, tender and thoughtful woman, ran up to this wretch, and held a draught of milk to his dying lips, but Johanna claps her hands, crying out—

"Roulleaux! roulleaux! Come quick, and help me, Caroline!"

She took the cartridges for roulleaux of coin, which they somewhat resemble. Johanna and her companion both were large white aprons with big pockets, not like those of grisettes on the stage, but good substantial ones, fit to hold a half-quartern loaf. Johanna filled these as quickly as she could pick her spoil up, quite oblivious of the bullets from Luneberg, which hailed round her—as oblivious of them, in her thirst for getting quickly rich, as was Caroline, from a better, holier motive. In after times, I think the look of gratitude which beamed from the soldier's eyes, the broken words of blessing which dropped from his white lips, must have been a dearer, more blessed memory to the heart of her who, naturally timid, forgot that timidity under the influence of woman's holiest promptings of tenderness and mercy, than the subsequent homage, the brilliant fortune showered on the being who, with eager eyes and avaricious grasp, was busily employed in cramming her pockets with that which indeed ultimately proved more valuable towards her aggrandisement than the gold for which she took the packages strewed around.

But Johanna's career of greedy acquirement is speedily stopped. A Prussian colonel rides up. He has no idea of the girl's self-deception. He hastily dubs her in his mind—a mind heated by the excitement of action—as an ardent heroine aspiring to aid his troops in their temporary distress.

"My brave girl! those pockets will not hold enough; fill your apron. Quick, here, young woman!" (to Caroline, who still knelt by the dying), "do the same—as one goes, the other can come back!"

There was no murmur of disobedience possible. Here was the terrible Prussian flaming with loud voice, stern in command, indisputable in authority. Johanna was quite unconscious of the admiration with which the great man, whom she took for a general at least, viewed her. Fear alone made the girl obey, and indeed, as her retreat was by this time cut off by a body of advancing troops, to go back was impossible, to go forward inadvisable.—Her acceptances of the duty imposed was, however, as prompt and ready as if the action had really emanated from herself. She was always sturdy and bustling, and not less so now, when bullets whistled around, and she was in mortal fear. Quickly she filled her apron, and as quickly ran with her burden, to the poor fellows, who for want of them, were being rapidly picked off by the French fire, man by man. As she returned, Caroline performed the same good office; so, backwards and forwards amidst a rattling fire, and volleys of no less fiery oaths, amidst blood, carnage, the groans of the dying, the carcasés of the dead, did Johanna Stegen and Caroline Berger carry pail after pail of cartridges, distributing them to the troops, till the day advanced, and the allies had gained the victory—gained it, as all to a man declared, by the heroic conduct of a woman—that woman, Johanna Stegen.

Caroline, her pale face heated by the danger and stern excitement of the scene, equally arduous, equally—even more generously—oblivious of danger, is permitted, unnoticed, unthanked, to make her way back as best she can to Grimm, there to amaze the pastoral inhabitants with the recital of that adventurous and blood-stained morning.

Our Johanna was not too much overpowered by bashfulness to remain on the field, waiting for applause and thanks. She had wit enough to see that she was appreciated beyond what she had merited. However, just then, every one was too busy with rejoicing and hopes of plunder, to notice her, whom they considered the victress of the day.

As, weary and disappointed, she was about to return to Grimm, the same colonel who had directed the milk-girl's efforts, rode up to her, hot, and ready to drop off his horse with fatigue.

"My girl—quick—your apron—give to me. Not a word—off with it—that's right—now, your name—Johanna—Johanna what? Johanna Stegen—So! Now, my lads, onward! Stragglers fall back!"

And thereupon, one of the stragglers, who could not comprehend what that grand, terrible, fierce soldier could want with her apron, now half-dirty, stained with blood and the moisture of her weary brow, fell back at the word of command, and presently changing her mind about Grimm, she slowly followed in the rear of the army, who acknowledged her as its preserver, and who by this time had hoisted her apron in front of the troops, as an ensign and emblem of how a great victory had been won.

Arrived at Luneberg, our milkmaid—who, as yet, knew not she might place the adjective fortunate before her name—went at once to the house of her mother, who (a poor widow) gained hard bread and little enough salt by charing and washing. She feared, perhaps, to return to Grimm, where heroism was likely to kick the beam when weighed against the loss of sundry pails of milk, wasted or seized by thirsty fellows as lawful spoil, and for which she had not the means of paying. She claimed the shelter of the maternal roof, and related her adventure to her mother, not without many reproaches on the part of that virtuous matron, for interfering among a parcel of rapscallion soldiers, who ate, drank, and devoured that night at the expense of Luneberg.

But Johanna's triumph rose next day with the sun. The King of Prussia took possession of the city, and the first act of royalty, was to make a proclamation for the owner of the White Apron, who was by no means backward in creeping forth from her obscurity.

That night a grand banquet was held at the Schloss Luneberg, and Johanna sat at the monarch's right hand. Robust and florid as she was, no belle attracted such universal notice or admiration as this fortunate milkmaid. Her glowing hair was called golden, her ruddy cheeks blooming, and her form was admired for its strength, if it was not exactly extolled for grace. Success is your true beautifier—the elixir which bestows youth and beauty, and which fails in its effect only when the sun of Fortune sets. The girdle of Good Luck once thrown round the thickest waist, it becomes to every beholder as slender as Venus's own, and those whom the blind goddess has mystified by the bandage of her own eyes, are, at any time, ready to swear black is white, or, as in Johanna's case, red is yellow.

And amidst all this, Caroline's name was not heard.

One heart at least was captivated by this heroine in spite of herself. The big Prussian colonel must have had his fancy captivated by this close approximation to the heroic maid of his heated brain. Among the toasts drank to Johanna Stegen, his response was the loudest, his praise the most broadly expressed.

But—every medal has its reverse side—what a pity!

In the midst of all these rejoicings, and just as great things were in contemplation for Johanna, who seems to have been regarded as a second Joan of Arc, just when one may suppose the Prussian colonel was beginning to find leisure to prosecute his romantic suit—Lo! the French returned and retook Luneberg. Dire event! which the poor Luneburgers deplored, and which was positive ruin to our heroine, whose temporary elevation had served to point her out as a mark for the vengeance of the infuriated French soldiery. Johanna, thrown down from her lofty pedestal, was, metaphorically speaking, obliged to grovel in the mud, and literally, might have been trampled to death, except for hiding herself, which she did for many days, in a dark, dismal cellar, indebted for sustenance solely to the good offices of neighbors, and to Caroline, who brought her in milk from Grimm, and who, unnoticed and unrewarded, was no doubt much happier than the heroine cowering in her dismal cellar, expecting hourly death—or worse.

But this terrible condition, which lasted many bitter days, was terminated at length by the report of a large body of Prussians advancing on Luneberg: and now, as the French at last evacuated Luneberg, our heroine once more emerged from her obscurity, and threw herself at the king's feet.

Her sorrows ended there. Her merits were at once recognized; she was patronized by some of the female connections of her Prussian admirer. Following the army subsequently into Prussia, she was at once placed on the full-pay of a colonel, and sent to a pension to be educated for her future rank in life—a Prussian nobleman's spouse. Henceforth the life of Johanna Stegen became one of uninterrupted prosperity. At the close of the war she married the man whose peremptory orders were in reality the cause of her being famous. History tells us no more of her. Did education refine her? Did she ever think of Caroline Burger, in the latter's obscurity, or aid the comrade who shared her peril, but not her good fortune! It is not believed. She whom we have called Caroline lived and died, obscure and humble, perhaps not less happy; even her real name was not known by the old inhabitant of the Schloss Luneberg, from whose lips this little narrative was gathered years ago, and who could boast of having both seen and spoken to, the famous heroine of Luneberg, Johanna Stegen, by no means the first, nor in all likelihood the last, to whom fortune has called in a fit of caprice, and loaded with unmerited favors.

H. J.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The Times says that "the Emperor Napoleon has followed up his promise in the Moniteur, by acts tending to re-assure his neighbors. He relieves us of all disquietude of an immediate character, and gives us assurance that the peace of the world is not to be disturbed."

According to the returns from many districts, there is little doubt but our present crop of wheat will fall below the average. To what extent it is almost impossible to say, until farmers begin to thresh out. The ears of wheat are small, and from the intense heat prevailing in July, they have been too much hastening to maturity. The returns from the French markets are even less favorable than ours, and the consequence is an important rise in almost every department. In Paris, the price of flour (the fine marks) has risen to 48s. 6d. a sack of 300 pounds, in three weeks. The prices in France preclude all shipment to this country.

The Prussian note of the 23d will probably put an end to the discussion between Austria and Prussia, *as it is pretty clearly proved that the Emperor Napoleon made a statement at Villa Franca which was not perfectly correct.*

At the Antrim (Ireland) Assizes, the Phœnix conspirators, after pleading guilty, were discharged on their own recognizances.

It is stated positively that the French Government has definitely resolved to employ in works of public utility the 150,000,000 francs, which remain unexpended of the loan of 500,000,000. Such a decision, says the Independence of Brussels, would be naturally regarded as a marked symptom of the security of peace.

The feeling in London in regard to Continental affairs is somewhat more favorable.

The quantity of gold shipped from Australia, up to the last advices, was 1,003,229 ounces, or over forty-one tons.

Foreign stocks began steady this morning and closed better. Canadian and Indiana Railway shares were strong.

A deputation from the Cotton Supply Association had an interview with the Duke of New Castle, at the Colonial Office, for the purpose of urging upon the Government the importance of encouraging the extended supply of cotton from her Majesty's colonial possessions.

Piedmont has formally notified its determination not to enter into the projected Italian Confederation if Austria is to form part of it.

The steamer Great Eastern will be delivered up by the contractors, in complete condition, on the 18th of August.

The Bank of France has reduced its rate of discount from 4 per cent. to 3½ per cent.

The disarmament of the French navy was progressing.

It is reported that an attempt has been made to poison Garibaldi.

It was said that France is intriguing to restore the Grand Dukes.

Naples has decided to admit breadstuffs free of duty.

It was reported that Baron de Bach, the Austrian Minister of the Interior, had tendered his resignation, the acceptance of which was refused by the Emperor.

THE STRIKE IN LONDON.—There is no prospect of a settlement of the difference between the builders and the men. About 220 of the largest builders have joined the defence association, and probably the 40,000 men they employ will be discharged on Saturday, unless they agree to the conditions now laid down. Both parties are confident of victory. The masters anticipate abundant labor from the provinces, which the men say they cannot get. The operatives on the other hand expect general support from all the trades throughout the kingdom, and boast that they can remain on the strike for six weeks, upon their own resources, without calling for assistance from their own or from other societies. The gas companies strike has ceased—the men having given in.

☞ To hope to change from vice to virtue is like hoping for youthful veins to be opened, and their healthful vigor infused into the dried-up sluices of age.—*Lord J. Russell.*

☞ Speaking much is a sign of vanity; for he that is lavish in words, is a niggard in deed.—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

NEWS ITEMS.

How they Predict the Weather at the Smithsonian Institute.—Professor Henry, at the Scientific Association, gave an account of the method pursued each day at the Smithsonian Institute, to record and predict the weather. They have a map of the United States hung upon a board, with pins stuck through at the points where the observers of the Institute are stationed. The Institute has daily reports by telegraph from many of these points. Each morning an assistant hangs a cord on the pins to indicate the state of the weather—black if raining, green if snowing, brown if cloudy, and white if fair. All storms travel east, and thus they are able to predict with great certainty the condition of the weather twelve hours in advance.

Two days later news from Oregon, received by the overland mail, gives the result of the Congressional election in Oregon in favor of Stout, Dem., by forty-five majority.

Philadelphia Progress.—The Tenth street Railway Company is now having constructed a self-propelling passenger car, whose motive power is steam—a car that the inventors claim can be run at less expense and trouble, and with as much safety as the cars drawn by horses. This is an age when people are astonished at nothing, and it is altogether possible that, ten years hence, the use of horses, in drawing passenger vehicles, may be altogether superseded. Already the best steam fire engine in use in this city, is one that moves independently of men and horses, while Fawkes' steam plough gives another evidence that "some things may be done as well as others.

"Stranger, w True."—A sportsman, in Boston, recently missed a valuable setter. He was found, after some search, sitting on Washington street, apparently rooted to the spot, with head erect, pointing pertinaciously opposite. Suspecting there must be game in the vicinity, his master made anxious search, and in a few moments discovered, on a line with the setter's snout, the sign of *A. Partridge*.

The Baden Government has recently made some declarations regarding the expatriation question. It is declared that the Government of Baden does not require American naturalized citizens, who have been subjects in Baden, to perform duty there in case they return, even if they have emigrated without consent—that is, if they return merely for a visit.

A Steam Plough is to be put in operation at the next State Agricultural Fair of Virginia.

The potato rot is said to be very prevalent throughout the province of New Brunswick.

Statement Contradicted.—The Boston (Mass.) *Traveller*, which, a few days ago, published a statement that the Niagara Suspension Bridge "sagged" considerably, &c., has been assured that the statement was incorrect, as "the deflection of the bridge with 250 tons upon it is scarcely perceptible."

Horace Greeley writes from Big Sandy, Oregon, July 6, that, "white men with two or three squaws each are quite common throughout this region, and young and relatively comely Indian girls are bought from their fathers by white men as regularly and openly as Circassians at Constantinople. The usual range of prices is from $40 to $60—about that of Indian horses. I hear it stated that though all other trade may be dull, that in young squaws is always brisk on Green River and the North Platte."

The Rochester Advertiser give the particulars of the shocking death of a young lady by being run over by the cars of the New York Central Railroad at Newark station. A young man named Welcher, son of a wealthy farmer near there, with his two sisters, were in a buggy. The locomotive struck the horse, threw him around so as to capsize the wagon, and the inmates fell out; one of the sisters, a young lady of 26, went under the train, and her body was so torn that it was gathered up in a vessel.

An interesting topic of conversation in Newburyport, Massachusetts, at present is the recent development of free-love principles in spiritualistic circles there. "They say" that two couples have already separated, and if rumor be true, there are others in a fair way to become so. One pair who have dissolved partnership had been united but a few months, and the gentleman is well known in that vicinity as the former husband of a distinguished literary lady, whose writings are familiar to those acquainted with the current literature of the day. Who is he?

The Biggest Rattlesnake.—A rattlesnake was killed, lately, 30 miles west of Terre Haute, 21 feet in length, 18 inches round in the largest part, and which had 111 rattles. This same snake, or one like it, was seen in the same locality thirty years ago. The monster was killed with a rifle bullet, and is undoubtedly the biggest rattlesnake on record.

Cramming at Picnics.—Seventeen persons were ill in South Reading, Mass., after attending a picnic. A physician was recently called to a lady, who was seriously ill upon her return from an excursion party, and in reply to his query, "what she had eaten!" enumerated no less than fourteen different articles of food of which she had partaken!

In Middleboro, Mass., a boy died last week from the bite of a turtle. He snapped at and attempted to bite everybody who came near him, and displayed every symptom of the much-dreaded hydrophobia.

New Mode of Curing Meat.—A process has recently been discovered and a patent secured by Messrs. Paddock and Marsh, of Cincinnati, Ohio, by which meat of all kinds, it is stated, can be cured and rendered fit for any foreign market, in ten minutes' time. As soon as the animal is killed, and before being skinned, salt is injected through the arteries, and almost instantly the whole animal is impregnated with it. Beef cured by this process at Houston, Texas, with the thermometer at 90 degrees, was found, when exhibited in Cincinnati, to be perfectly sweet, and equal to the best meat, cured in the ordinary manner.

The report of the London Herald as to the alleged disposition of our government to fall in with the doctrine of the five great Powers, relating to privateering, was a typographical blunder, the word "not" being omitted.

A Zouave lost one of his fingers at the battle of Solferino. "Bon!" he exclaimed, "just my luck to lose the finger upon which I wore my wedding ring. Now my wife will insist upon it that I gave it to another woman."

Two unhappy little lads drowned themselves in a boat load of wheat, lying at a wharf, in Milwaukie recently. The little fellows jumped in for a frolic, and annihilamos as if is water. Their bodies were found standing straight up, and hats on.

Game Killing the Grasshoppers.—In the counties of Hope, Cavan and Manvers, in Canada, a species of small grub, very similar to the weevil, is found attacking the grasshoppers, and the strength of their joints giving way before the attack, in such a manner, that the grasshoppers are dying by myriads.

It has gone the rounds of the papers that Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" was ready for the press a year ago, but was for some unaccountable reason held back. The facts of the case are these, as I have learned from unquestionable authority. Just as the author was about to print the book—I am not sure that it was not sent to the press—some squeamish friend who had read the MS., expressed an opinion that the idyll "Vivien" was unfit for publication. This opinion made the poet nervous and apprehensive—so disgusted him, indeed, that at the time there was reason to fear the book would never see the light. Time, however, and reflection, and perhaps the opinion of other and wiser friends, strengthened and confirmed Mr. Tennyson's own judgment, and the "Idylls of the King" was at length sent to press.—*Ill. Times.*

The cause of Horace Mann's death was his being worn out by the exceeding care and labors of his position.

Cotton Seed Oil Cake.—We have had exhibited to us, from the Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store of Paschall Morris, corner of Seventh and Market streets, samples of Cotton Seed Oil Cake and Meal, which has been found, on trial, to surpass anything yet known as food for milch cows. It is but a short time since cotton seed itself was thrown away as worthless. Now there is a valuable oil pressed from it, which is coming into extensive use; and the refuse cake, also considered worthless, has been found, by comparative analysis with linseed cake, to be richer in albumen, and also mucilaginous and saccharine matters. Large quantities of linseed cake, it is known, are exported to England, where the farmers rely on it extensively, not only for increasing the yield of milk in cows, but also for feeding and fattening.

Mr. Morris has just received several tons of the cotton seed cake from New Orleans, and has made arrangements for a regular supply. Its importance to the country, as food for stock, is immense, inasmuch as it is equivalent to a new staple, the supply of which will be regular and inexhaustible, and is a clear gain of a new and supposed worthless article to the national wealth. Orders have already reached this country from England for large quantities. By careful analysis, the average composition of eight samples of American linseed cake have been found to be: In 100 parts of oil, 12.95. Albuminous bodies, 28.28.

An analysis, by Professor Johnson, of 100 parts of the cotton seed cake, yielded: Of oil, 16.47. Albuminous bodies, 44.41.

The value of any article as food for stock, depends upon the quantity of matter it contains which may be appropriated by the animal. The *fat* of animals is derived from the starch, gum, sugar and oil of their food. Their muscles, nerves and tendons, the fibrine of their blood, and the curd of their milk, are almost identical in composition, and similar, in many of their properties, with matters found in all vegetables, but chiefly in such as form the most concentrated food. These are characterized by containing about fifteen per cent. of nitrogen.

The value, both of cotton and linseed cake, depends on their richness in these qualities, and it is a fact of no little interest, that these results of scientific research have been corroborated by the experiments of practical farmers.

Among several other certificates we have seen, from those who have used the cotton seed meal, one from Samuel Boyd Toby, of Rhode Island, testifies as follow:

"My experience in the use of cotton seed meal as food for milch cows enables me to recommend it highly. A few quarts per day, last winter, to each of my cows, increased the flow of milk about thirty per cent., and I prefer it on every account to the linseed oil meal. Our farmers, and especially the dairy farmers, with whom it is an object to give that kind of food which will yield the greatest increase of milk and butter, and at the same time promote the condition and thrift of the animal, will now have an opportunity of testing this new article, which can be furnished at about the same price as linseed cake."

Important Metallic Discovery.—One of the startling discoveries of the age has just been made, and its effect upon the commercial affairs of the world cannot be foretold. We allude to the late discovery in the process of making or smelting of a new metal called the Byrne ore or Byrne metal, which has been named after the inventor. This new metal is of such a nature that either an imitation of gold or silver can be produced which would defy detection by more than nine-tenths of the dealers in wares manufactured of pure gold and silver. The most astonishing part of this new discovery is that of its being so valuable as to be used in the manufacture of every article in which gold or silver can be used.

This metal is being used now in the manufacture of watch cases, rings, pencils, spoons, forks, heads for canes, tooth-picks, pens, table sets, chandeliers, and, in fact, everything in which gold and silver has been used heretofore; and when it is understood that this metal was sold in the manufactured state for $2 an ounce, the immense revolution which it is destined to produce in the commercial world can be partially conceived. Its weight and general appearance is precisely like that of gold and silver; thus making it without doubt the equal of those metals in the manufacture of everything else but money, which use is made certain, because it will not change its appearance by use any more than gold or silver will, and not so much when alloy to any great extent is used.

We say that this is a startling discovery. We call it a startling discovery because it will, in a great measure, dispense with the use of gold and silver in the manufacture of jewelry and other articles in which these precious metals have been heretofore used, in consequence of which the supply of these metals will be greatly augmented, the result of which will be to increase their use in coinage and a corresponding increase in the volume of money in the channels of trade, which must advance the prices of all kinds of merchandize in like ratio.

When we can buy service of plate made of a metal which represents gold in every particular but its value for $2 an ounce, while wrought gold is worth $18 an ounce, it is easy to perceive that a great revolution is about to take place in this branch of trade. In the silver ware the difference of price is not so great. A set of silver spoons which costs now $6 can be bought, made of this metal, and which will represent the silver in *every* particular but their value, for $2 the set. For our part we must say that this is the most astounding development that the world has ever known as regards its commercial arrangements. It surpasses the railroad and telegraph invention beyond a doubt, and may end in revolutionizing our whole system of money exchanges.—*N. Y. News, 13th.*

Pleasant Prospects for the Lawyers.—The New Orleans (La.) Delta, says, that a rich old planter of Mississippi, named Matthews, desirous of spiting his relatives, left his property, exceeding $150,000 in value, to his illegitimate children by a colored woman, and in the event of their disability to inherit, to the Louisiana State Bank. The will contained a few small legacies to his brothers and sisters. Under the law of Mississippi, the colored children cannot inherit, and the bank seems to have a pretty clear prospect for the property. His white relatives, however, have commenced to contest it, and the bank has employed counsel to maintain its rights. The bank is already overburdened with riches, having three millions and a half in specie in its vaults.

The potato crop, it is universally agreed was never more abundant in quantity, nor finer in quality, than it is this season in every section of the country.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1100 head. The following lots were disposed of at the Avenue Drove Yard:—45 head I Abrahams, Chester co, 9@9¼; 40 B Baldwin, 8@9; 34 H Frank, Iowa, 8@8½; 100 Mooney & Smith, Ohio and Va, 8½@9¼; 16 D Gemmill, Del co, 7½@8; 45 Murphy & Cassiday, Md, 8@9; 59 A Landes, Va, 8½@9¼; 47 B Gray, Ohio, 8@8½; 13 J McLaughlin, Juniata co, 7@7½; 42 H Chain, Fayette co, 6@6½; 31 J Kauffman, Lancaster co, 7@9; 27 E McQuaid, Chester co, 9½@10. Sheep—8000 head arrived, and sold at from 7½@8½c ₱ lb net.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—31 head Scott & Kimble, Chester co, 7½@9½; 20 J Cochran, Del co, 8@10, 60 A Miggs, Green co, 7½@8½; 61 W Alexander, Md, 8½@9½; 26 J Todd, Lancaster co, 8@9, 17 C Clark, Wash'n co, —@6; 22 B Mead, Chester co, 9½@9½; 125 Barnstables & Chancellor, Va, 7½@9½; 11 Dr Hopkins, Md, 9@10; 35 P Hathaway, Ohio, 4@—.

New York Matters.—New York, Aug. 21.—The number of death in this city for the week ending on Saturday was 710, which is an increase of 42 over the previous week. The nauseous Croton water is said to have caused much sickness, and several people are down with the diarrhœa in consequence of drinking it, and it is said to be fatal among children. Five hundred and eleven children under ten years of age died last week.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The Flour market since our last notice has been excessively dull, and we reduce our quotations 25@50c ₱ bbl on all grades. Supplies come forward very slowly, and from the West they have about ceased. Sales for export of 2000 bbls at $5 ₱ bbl for sound old stock, and $5@5,25 for fresh ground, including 300 bbls old Western Extra at $5,25; 600 half bbls at $5,81½ ₱ pair. The sales to the retailers and bakers have been quite limited, within the range of these figures for Superfine, and $5,25@6,75 for Extra and Fancy, according to quality. Rye Flour has again been quiet. The receipts and stocks are light, and prices remain without change. Sales of 200 bbls at $3,75 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is extremely dull. Sales of 200 bbls Penna at $3,62½, and 350 bbls Brandywine at a price kept private.

GRAIN—The supplies of Wheat have again been quite liberal. The demand, however, has fallen off, and we reduce our quotations 10@12c ₱ bus. Sales of 38,000 bus Southern and Penna at $1,17@1,23 for good and prime Red, and $1,25@1,43 for White, including some choice lots of Western at our highest quotation, and $1,28@1,30 for White. Rye is in steady request, principally for distilling. Sales of 3000 bus at 70c for new Delaware, and 78c for Penna. Corn—The receipts have been small, and, with a fair demand, prices have again advanced 2c ₱ bus. Sales of 20,000 bus prime Southern and Penna Yellow at 77@80, including some White at 75c, and inferior and damaged at 70@78c. Oats—The demand has been good at the improvement noted in our last report, with further sales of 8000 bus at 37@38c for prime old Southern and Penna, and 33@36c for new Delaware.

PROVISIONS—Sales of 150 bbls Mess Pork at $15@15,50, and small lots of Prime at $13,50, on time. City packed Mess is steady, but there is no demand, except for small lots for ship's stores at $16@16, cash. Bacon meets a moderate inquiry. Sales of 600 casks, plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 10½@12; Sides, in lots, at 9½@10c—the latter rate for city smoked; and Shoulders at 7½@7¾c, 60 days. Lard—The receipts and stocks are small, and the demand limited. Sales of tcs and bbls at 10½@11c, and kegs at 12@12½c, short time. Butter continues very dull, the supply being considerably in excess of the demand. Sales of 10,000 lbs common and good solid packed at 10½@13c, and some fresh, in kegs, at 14@15c. There is little or no Roll offering. Cheese is scarce. Sales of 200 boxes New York ranging from 9½ to 10c. Eggs command 13@15c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The advices from Europe have had no perceptible effect upon the market here. The demand is quite moderate, and confined chiefly to the grades above good middling, of which the stock is very much reduced, while inferior sorts are not wanted. Sales of 700 bales at 10½@13c ₱ lb, cash, for low ordinary and middling fair quality, and 10½@13½c for New Orleans and Mobile.

BARK—There has been a fair demand for Quercitron Bark since our last notice. Sales of 120 hhds No 1 at $25@25,25—chiefly at the former figure—and 6 hhds No 2 at $28 ₱ ton. There is less Tanners' Bark arriving, and it meets a fair inquiry. Sales of Spanish Oak at $13@13,50 ₱ cord, and Chestnut at $11.

BEESWAX is scarce, and good Yellow commands 37@38c ₱ lb, cash.

COAL—The unsatisfactory condition of the trade which we have recorded since the commencement of the year still continues, and the shipments to the Eastward have been quite limited.

COFFEE—The market has been quiet; sales of 2000 bags Rio at 10½@11½c; 100 bags Laguayra at 12c, and Java at 15c ₱ lb, on time.

COPPER continues to meet a very limited inquiry; sales of English Sheathing at 27c; American Yellow Metal at 20c, and English do at 21c, 6 mos.

FEATHERS continue dull and prices are nominal. Small sales at 47@48c ₱ lb for good Western.

FRUIT is dull; sales of 200 bags North Carolina Pea Nuts at $1,80@1,95. Green Apples are arriving freely, and command $1@2,50 ₱ bbl, as in quality. Green Peaches are more abundant, and range from 37½c to $1,50 ₱ basket. Watermelons are selling at $10@18 ₱ 100. In Dried Fruit nothing doing, and prices are nominal.

HEMP—There is little or none coming forward, and little or no stock out of the hands of the manufacturers. We continue our former quotations.

HIDES are dull, and for city slaughter prices have declined 1c ₱ lb. In foreign Hides no sales have been reported. An import of 4108 Laguayra and Porto Cabello has arrived and remain unsold.

HOPS—The demand is limited, and the sales have been only in small lots at 10@15c for new Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal is very quiet, but holders are firm in their demands. Sales of 800 tons Anthracite at $22@23 ₱ ton for No. 1; $21@22 for No. 2, and $20, 6 mos, for No. 3. A sale of 200 tons Howard Coal Blast Charcoal Iron at $35,50, 6 mos. In Scotch Pig nothing doing. Holders ask $24, 6 mos. Blooms are steady, with further sales of best Charcoal at $63@65, and Northern at $40, 6 mos. Railroad and Bar Iron are held quite firmly with a moderate inquiry.

LEAD is held with more firmness; the advices from abroad being more favorable and the stock in first hands much reduced. Sales of 1,600 pigs Spanish at about $5,90, cash.

LEATHER continues quiet, as usual at this season of the year. Supplies come in quite slowly, but the manufacturers purchase sparingly.

LUMBER—The market is quiet, there being very little demand for any description. The supplies, however, are small. White Pine Boards are selling slowly at from $14 to $19 ₱ M feet. Shingles are dull at $2@2,25 for 30 inch; $18 for long Cypress, and $12 ₱ M for two feet do: Undressed Flooring Boards sells at $12@14 ₱ M feet.

MOLASSES—The market is extremely quiet, but prices remain without change. No sales of Cuba have been reported. Portland Syrup is dull at 22c.

PLASTER—There is but little offering. We quote Soft at $2,75@3 ₱ ton.

SPIRITS—There is a steady trade doing. N. E. Rum commands 36@37c—the latter rate for Felton's. Whiskey is steady. Sales of 300 bbls choice Ohio at 27c; 200 bbls Pennsylvania at 26c; Prime bbls at 26½c; hhds at 25½c, and Dradge at 24½@25c. Portland Rum sells slowly at 34@36c.

SUGAR—The market has been quite dull, and for refining qualities we reduce our quotations ¼@½ ₱ lb. Sales of 550 hhds Cuba at $5,75@6,37½; 20 hhds Porto Rico at $7@7,25; 244 boxes Havana Brown, for export, on terms kept private, and 215 hhds New Orleans at $6,62½@7,75, all on time.

SEEDS—The receipts of Cloverseed are very small. Sales of 150 bus fair quality at $5,37½ ₱ 64 lbs. The new crop will commence coming forward in two or three weeks. New crop Timothy is beginning to arrive. 200 bus prime sold at $2,75@3. The market is nearly bare of American Flaxseed, and it is wanted by the Crushers at $1,60@1,65 ₱ bush: 200 bags of Linseed sold at $1,60.

TALLOW is dull at 11c for City Rendered. There is no country here.

TOBACCO—The demand is limited for both Leaf and Manufactured, but we continue former rates.

WOOL—The market is firm, and the stocks in the dealers' hands very light, but the demand is limited, and the sales mostly in small lots at prices ranging from 37½c up to 40@55c for common to full blood and prime fleece, nett, cash. The demand is chiefly for the low and medium grades.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Aug. 20.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour advancing; sales of 12,000 bbls at $4,36@4,40 for State, $4,75@5,20 for Ohio, and $4,80@5,00 for Southern. Wheat advanced; sales of 15,500 bus white Michigan at $1,45. Corn advancing. Provisions steady. Whiskey firm.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 305—Adults 66, and children 139.

THE WONDER OF THE AGE.

The greatest wonder of the age is that celebrated remedy for diseases arising from a debility of the digestive organs—HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS. The power exercised over diseases of this class by the Bitters is indeed miraculous—They cure the worst cases of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility, Want of Appetite, with the greatest facility. For sale everywhere by all druggists and dealers in medicines at 75 cents per bottle.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Blackwood, Mr. John Macaulay, of this city, to Miss Sarah Oliver, of Franklin, Indiana.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. T. S. Johnston, Mr. John W. Hill, to Miss Mary A. Hare, both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. James Pearson, of Chester county, to Mrs. Sarah Buckby, of this city.

On the 16th of June, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Alex. Gardiner, Jr. to Miss Frances Longmire, daughter of the late Francis B. Longmire.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. John Chambers, Hugh Donaghy, to Louisa Hanenan, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. G. W. German, Alex. Niblo, to Sarah A. Webb, adopted daughter of Andrew L. Kern, Esq. both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M. Mr. James Hunter, to Miss Caroline Off, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Jos. Castle, Mr. Edwin H. Thornley, Miss Jane Mullinhaus, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. Margaret G. White, aged 67 years.

At Frankford, on the 14th instant, Mrs. Rebecca Donathen, aged 48 years.

On the 15th instant, George Thomas, aged 18 years.

On the 14th instant, Richard Waldron, Jr. aged 22 years.

On the 14th instant, James Morrisson, aged 47 years.

On the 15th instant, Rebecca, wife of Lewis Watkin.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. Mary Peterson, aged 85 years.

On the 14th instant, Martha H. wife of Geo. R. Houghton, aged 46 years.

In Beverly, N. J. on the 13th instant, Colonel William Bozorth, aged 84 years.

On the 13th instant, Catherine Connell, aged 34 years.

On the 13th instant, Elizabeth Turner, aged 37 years.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. Sarah, wife of Peter Kiker, aged 59 years.

On the 14th instant, Mr. Samuel Winder, aged 54 years.

At Fabius, New York, Aug. 8, 1859, Caswell E. Sprague, only child of D. S. and M. E. Sprague, aged 1 years and 6 months.

How true it is that in life we are in the midst of death. Only the first day of August, little Caddie was as full of life, of health and strength—had as many and as bright hopes of the future as any child in the community. Now he sleeps in his "low and narrow bed." How mysterious are the ways of Providence. On the morning of the first, as he was riding a very quiet and gentle horse along the street, some reckless and thoughtless boys frightened the horse, and the rider was thrown upon the hard road. He was not supposed to be seriously injured, but after drooping and pining about for two or three days he was prostrated with disease in the form of inflammation of the bowels. With this he lingered in severe pain, continually sinking, until a little after 12 o'clock Sunday night, when he quietly sank to sleep—that sleep that knows no waking.

Caddie was a noble, manly boy. He had lived just long enough to inspire in the breasts of his youthful associates confidence and love. A large number of them followed him to the grave. They were real mourners. They knew he could no more share in their sports, or aid them in their tells. His chair in the school-room, and his seat at the Sabbath-school are vacant. His cheerful voice and merry laugh will no more ring in their ears. He is gone—gone, never to return. This filled their hearts with sadness.

How sad and heavy are the hearts of his friends. How lonely is that home-circle. It will be long before the sun will seem to shine as bright—the fields to look as green—or the flowers to wear as lovely a hue. A pall of gloom is thrown over them all. In a few short hours hopes that have been growing and brightening for years have been blighted. Ties of affection that have been strengthening and entwining themselves more firmly around the heart are sundered forever. Every object around seems a memorial of the "dear, loved one" that is gone. The little clothes, the objects of childish amusement, all speak eloquently, yet sadly of the past. They call to mind the missing one. Even the little pebble, picked up by him upon the lake shore, will ever be treasured by the parents as an object dear and sacred. It was his choice. His touch has consecrated it. His room will seem

"Like some divinely haunted place."

There will be an invisible presence there that will fill it with gloom and sadness. A lingering, cherished dream of the past will ever clutter around it to make it dear to the heart.

Weep not, weep not, dear friends, for him, "the cherished and blest." Ere the cares and toils of earth had pressed heavily upon him he has laid aside his "mortal coil," and, on angel's pinions, winged his way to "fairer worlds on high."

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, August 20, 1859.

Pennsylvania.		**Georgia.**	
Solv bks par to ¼ dis		Solvent banks ¼ dis	
Relief notes ¼ dis		**South Carolina.**	
New Jersey.		Solv bks ¼ dis	
Solv bks par to ¼ dis		**Alabama.**	
Delaware.		Solv bks 1 to 3 dis	
Solv bks par to ¼ dis		**Mississippi.**	
Maryland.		All bks uncertain	
Baltimore ¼ dis		**Louisiana.**	
Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis		Solv bks ½ dis	
New York.		**Ohio.**	
Solv bks par to ¼ dis		Solv bks ¼ dis	
Maine.		**Kentucky.**	
Solv bks ¼ dis		Solv bks ½ dis	
New Hampshire.		**Indiana.**	
Solv bks ¼ dis		State bank ½ dis	
Vermont.		**Illinois.**	
Solv bks ¼ dis		Solv bks 3 dis	
Connecticut.		**Missouri.**	
Solv bks ¼ dis		Solv bks ½ dis	
Massachusetts.		**Tennessee.**	
Solv bks ¼ dis		Old banks 2½ dis	
Rhode Island.		**Michigan.**	
Solv bks ½ dis		Solv bks 2 dis	
Virginia.		**Wisconsin.**	
Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis		Solv bks 2 dis	
Dist. of Columbia.		**Texas.**	
Solv bks ¼ dis		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston 10 dis	
North Carolina.		**Canada.**	
Solv bks ½ to 1 dis		Solv bks 1 dis	

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McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
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HAGAN & JOHNSON, Nashville, Tenn.
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THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856	—	—
" " 1857	102	—
" " '67	108	—
" " '68	109	—
" 6 " coupon '71s	101	—
Penna 6 pr ct, old	93	95
" " new	104½	105
" 5 "	—	84½
Phila 6 pr ct	95	—
" 6 coupon	—	85
Allg'y City 6 pr ct	65	75
" County	—	—
" R R issue	42½	—
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	91½	92
Tenn 6 pr ct	90	—
" 6 " coupon	74	77
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri 6 "	89½	—
Ohio 6 " 1860	103½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	99½
Virginia 6 "	97½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal. State 7 pr ct	—	—
new bonds	91½	92
N Y City 1872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	131	131
Philadelphia	114	—
Far & Mec	56	57
Commercial	43½	45½
Mechanics	26	—
Southwark	26½	27
Penn Township	55	—
Kensington	64	65
Girard	46½	46½
Western	—	28
Man & Mech	28½	28
Commerce	—	30
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	44	—
Consolidation	74½	75
Commonwealth	18	20
Corn Exchange	20½	—
Germantown	—	—
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	50	—
Exchange	54	—
Kentucky Ky.	115	—
Northern "	—	—
Louisville "	114	—
Farmers "	150	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	—	102
Planters "	102	—
N Orl Gas Light	140	—
Com & R R Bank Vicksburg	7	9½
Washington Gas Light Co	23½	—
Lehigh Zinc	21	—
New Creek	—	—
New Granada	—	—
N America Ins'nce	14½	—
N Liberties Gas	—	31
Southwark & Frankford RR	62	63
Bonds	—	93
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds	99½	100
" 2nd "	86	87
" stock interest off	40	40½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1864	—	85
" stock	117	118
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	73	80
" mort 6's	84	91
" " '88	—	93
" stock	21½	22½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	86	87
" stock	86	89
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	29	30
6 pr ct loan '60	92½	—
Ches Val R R '70	—	42
Tioga R R	75	85
Williams & Elmira 7's 1st mort	50	55
2d "	—	25
" stock	—	3½
Catawissa	2	4
Beaver Meadow stock	36	36½
" preferred 10 pr ct	50	—
North Penna R R stock	5	8½
6 pr ct loan	69½	69½
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock	50	—
6 pr ct loan	97	100½
Minehill R R	56	57
Har and Lan R R stock	86	90½
bonds '69	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	15	18
Long Island R R stock	10½	10½
bonds	81	83
Erie R R stock	71	—
Hudson River R R	31½	—
N Y Central	77½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	64	—
Michigan Southern	71	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan '42	68	69
imp. 6 pr ct	74½	75
stock	—	40
preferred	16½	16½
Lehigh Nav stock	42	43
mort 6 pr ct	—	97
scrip	22½	23
Morris Canal'd	51	52½
preferred	104½	104½
Ches & Del bonds	40	—
"	77½	—
Union bonds	2	3½
Sus & Tidewater bonds 1878	24	4
	50	53

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Agricultural.

OUR FARM OF TWO ACRES.

THE POULTRY-YARD.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

In order to make money by poultry, in any proportion to the attention given to them, the speculator should be either a capitalist who provides an extensive apparatus for the supply of fowls and eggs to a neighboring community, or a cottager or small farmer who can rear fowls in a chance medley-way, on what they can pick up for themselves. As I am neither a professional breeder of poultry nor a cottager nor yet a small farmer in the ordinary use of the term, I cannot and do not expect to make money to any notable extent by our fowls and ducks. As I have already intimated, the object is security against famine, where a whole neighborhood depends on the justice and mercy of one butcher. When I relate that at an inn not three miles off, forty-five couples of fowls have been killed in one day, from the beef and lamb falling short of the demand, it will be easily conceived that it is no small comfort to be supplied, at all events, with eggs and bacon, fowls and ham, within our own gates. The country people would like very much to see the Queen among our mountains. They would give her a dinner of eggs and ham, and set her on a pony, and show her everything. It is certain beforehand what her diet would be if she came inoog. At the little country inns—each the sole house of entertainment in its dale and waterhead—you always know what you will have

"Can we have dinner?"

"Oh, yes."

"What can you give us?"

"What you like."

After inquiring in vain for beef or mutton, we are told—

"But there's ham and there's eggs."

"Very well; and what else?"

"Why, there's eggs, and there's ham, and bacon."

If the Queen came unawares to some dwellings which are not inns, there might, in the height of the season, be the same bill of fare, and no other. The value of the resource must be the measure of our gain, under such circumstances; and not the money we make.

It becomes an increasing wonder every year why the rural cottagers of the United Kingdom do not rear fowls, almost universally, seeing how little the cost would be, and how great is the demand. We import many millions of eggs annually. Why should we import any? It seems as strange as that Ireland should import all its cheese, while exporting butter largely. After spending the morning among dairy-farms in Kerry, you have at dinner cheese from London; and in the same way, after passing dozens of cottages on commons or in lanes in England, where the children have nothing to do, and would be glad of pets, you meet a man with gold rings in his ears, who asks you in broken English to buy eggs from the continent. Wherever there is a cottage family, whether living on potatoes or better fare, and grass growing anywhere near, there it would be worth while to nail up a little pent house, and make nests of clean straw, and go in for a speculation in eggs and chickens. Seeds, worms and insects go a great way in feeding poultry in such places; and then there are the small and refuse potatoes from the heap, and the outside cabbage leaves, and the scraps of all sorts. Very small purchases of broken rice (which is extremely cheap), inferior grain, and mixed meal would do all else that is necessary. There would probably be larger losses from "vermin" than in better guarded places; but these could be well afforded, as a mere deduction from considerable gains. It is understood that the keeping of poultry is largely on the increase in the country generally, and even among cottagers; but the prevailing idea is of competition as to races and specimens for the poultry-yard, rather than of meeting the demand for eggs and fowls for the table. The pursuit is an excellent one, and everybody rejoices at the growth of such an interest; but the laborer and his family are not benefited by it, as a steady resource, as they might be by a constant succession of common-place eggs and chickens, to be sold in the next town. As for any farmer who grows grain, and has a home field and a barn, he must be badly off for wife or daughter, if he cannot depend on his poultry for a respectable amount of annual profit. We remember the exultation of a German settler in a Western state of America, in speaking of his rise in life, shown by his "fifty head of hen." Perhaps it is not necessary to go so far as the prairies to acquire a stock in trade—not so large, indeed, but profitable in equal proportion.

The least advantageous way of rearing fowls is just that which is now under our notice—that of a lady's poultry-yard on a small bit of land in a populous neighborhood. The fowls cannot have full liberty; they must not trespass on the neighbors; and they are grievously trespassed on by the neighbors' cats and dogs. Yet the experiment answers in our case soundly and thoroughly, through the care and interest invested in the enterprise by my companion. She has worked through many difficulties, and raised the project to paying point, and beyond it, to the comfort of the household, her own great amusement and that of her guests, and the edification and benefit of the servants.

Our average stock is twenty hens, two cocks, five ducks, and one drake. Our accommodation will not allow any large increase of our average. The ducks are uncommonly fine specimens of the Aylesbury breed. One cock is Cochin China; the other of some common sort which makes less impression on strangers. A visitor lately met the Cochin-China sultan in the drive, and was so prodigiously impressed as to take off his hat to his majesty, who is indeed too heavy to be often met out walking.

The ducks were a present, some years ago, and the silk stocking has become worsted, and perhaps silk again, in the interval, from the changes necessary to keep up the vigor of the stock. Besides substituting a new drake every three years or so, we exchange some brood eggs every season with some neighbor who has the same breed. We have not conveniences for rearing any great number of young ducks, and prefer selling the eggs, of which we have above 600 per annum. We kill a few ducks for our own table, reckoning their value, not at the London rate, but at 2s. 6d. each. In London, 7s. a couple would be asked for ducks which would not have two-thirds of their substantial merit when brought to table. Our duck eggs are in great request for poaching, and puddings and custards; and well they may be, for their cubic contents must be nearly double those of ordinary hens' eggs.

It might be difficult to say which is cause and which effect in regard to our having two cocks and two poultry yards. The double arrangement is desirable in every way. There should always be opportunities for separation and seclusion, in that community as in every other. For instance, the favorite aversion of the drake is his own ducklings. He would destroy them every one if we did not separate them from their passionate parent. The whole feathered colony is, at times, so like the Irish quarter in a port-town, with its brawls and faction fights, that imprisonment or banishment is occasionally necessary, on the one hand, and an accident-ward for the victims on the other. We have one roosting-chamber in the upper part of the coal-shed, and the other in the upper part of the pig-house, each opening into its own yard, and having its ladder without and its perches within. In the small enclosures, made of trellised wood and wire netting, are pent-houses for the nests, which should always be on the ground, for the sake not only of the convenience of the sitting hen, but of the vigor of the brood. The shallow troughs for food and pans for water make up the rest of the apparatus. The places should be swept out several times a week, and strewn with charcoal in hot weather; and there should always be soft soil enough for the hens to make dust-baths in, and gravel enough to afford them pebble diet, according to their needs. There must always be a little heap of lime in some dry corner, if the egg-shells are to be worthy of their contents.

So much for what may be called the retreats or refuges of the fowls; but their lives cannot be passed there. So we found. They must have a further range. The best plan, where space can be afforded (which is not our case), is to lay out for the fowls a long strip of grass fenced with wire—a regular Rotten Row for their daily trot, race, or stately walk. As the nearest approach we should make to this, we fenced in with galvanized wire netting the belt of plantation which adjoins the lower fowl house. There they have room to run and make dust-baths, and strut in the sun or repose in the shade at pleasure. A deep trough is sunk there, and filled with water for the ducks when they must be kept at home, and for the ducklings, which are not allowed to range the meadows, because such liberty is almost invariably fatal to them. Whether it is any particular food, animal or vegetable (we suspect a particular sing), or other dangers—as entanglement in the grass and weeds, cramp, enemies, or what not—it is very rarely that ducklings survive an attempt at a roving life. After witnessing every accident now stated, we believe the deleterious food to be sufficient reason for keeping the broods at home till they are well grown. The drake and his harem spend the day abroad for several months of the year, going forth into the meadows—where they make a serviceable clearance of slugs—in the morning, after laying, and coming home in the evening for their supper. While the grass is growing for hay, we are obliged to keep them at home; and it is necessary to watch them when young vegetables are coming up and fruit is ripening. Nobody would believe without seeing it how high they can reach with their bills when currants and gooseberries hang temptingly; and in their love of strawberries they vie with humanity. After being kept at home, the ducks relax in their laying, and their feeding is expensive; but they really seem to go on laying longer every year; so perhaps we may train them, in course of time, to be "equal to either fortune."

For the sake of the young chicks, we have yet one other enclosure at the service of the fowls. There is a pretty little quarry below the terrace and orchard, from whence the stone for the terrace-wall was taken. A little wire fence is now drawn across the entrance, and the young broods and their mothers have it to themselves.

Such is their mode of life. As for what they live on, we make their food as various as possible, as in the case of the cows and the pig. The most expensive of all food we find to be barley as *natural*. Not only is a considerable proportion thrown about and wasted, but much that is swallowed is never digested. We therefore give it as a change and indulgence; and by no means as the staple of their food. Indian meal is the best staple, according to our experience. It is well scalded, that the swelling may be done before it is swallowed instead of after—thus avoiding various maladies and perils from over-eating. Broken rice well boiled is good to a certain extent. Malt-dust is a valuable resource. The demand is becoming so great that it will probably soon cease to be a cheap food; but while it remains so, it is a real boon, both to the fowls and their owner.—They will eat almost anything that is sprinkled with malt-dust; and a 6s. sack of it goes a long way. A certain proportion of green food, and also of animal food, is indispensable. Lettuce-leaves, turnip-tops, cabbage leaves, celery, should be thrown to them. They should have access to grass, to pick seeds and insects; and it is well to put a fresh sod into the poultry-yard whenever such a valuable thing can be spared. All the worms and insects that come in the gardener's way should be presented to them; and, when insects are scarce, scraps of raw meat, minced as fine as pins' heads, should be given. Add finely chopped egg for infant chicks, and I think the bill of fare is complete. As for the peppercorn, which old wives recommend as the first thing to be swallowed, we reprobate the notion as we should in the case of any other new-born creature. In fact, it irritates the crop very mischievously, if it given out its savor; and if it does not dissolve, it is nothing.

ALARMING EPIDEMIC—THE WHISTLEPHOBIA.

We do not find it necessary to make distinctions of seasons in hatching broods, as some people do. We like beginning early; but we know what we may expect from frosts and storms in March, and are content with what we get. If we have not a pretty full school by June, we shake our heads; but some July broods have been as fine and complete as any others on our list. An autumn brood or two—even a late one—is valuable; for the chickens are short-legged, and make excellent sitters.

By careful management, my companion has succeeded in distributing the moulting over a considerable space of time, and therefore in obtaining eggs in early winter. We have them now throughout the year. We lay by a hundred or more in lime-water in the most plentiful season, for puddings in the time of scarcity; and then our small supply of November and December eggs is disposable for invalids, or other neighbors anxious to secure the delicacy.

Under this mode of management, our fowl account has stood thus for the last two years.

In 1857, we paid for food £17 1s. 8d.; and for improvements in the hen house, £1 15s.; that is, our expenses were £18 16s. 8d.; eggs and fowls used and sold were worth £18 4s. 2d.; ten chickens and one young cock in stock, £1 5s.; making £19 9s. 2d.; which shows our profit to have been 12s. 6d.; in 1858, the cost of food was £16 8s. 2d.; and of improvement of stock, 11s. 9d.; together making £16 19s. 11d.; while our sales and use yielded £17 10s. 6d.; our profit, therefore, being 10s. 7d. London prices would have enriched us mightily; for we had 3,039 eggs, and killed sixty-three fowls (including a few ducks.) Within a dozen miles of the General Post Office, our produce would have been worth above £30; but it must be remembered that, in regard to our domestic consumption, we have the benefit of the country prices. As it is, we have a balance on the right side, instead of the wrong, after all accidents and misfortunes are allowed for.

Those accidents are not only vexatious but grievous. The finest young cock we had ever reared was found dead and stiff one morning. His crop, alas! was full of ivy-leaves, which he had reached and snatched from the wall of the house, by some vigorous climbing out of bounds. Chicks, and even hens, now and then are cramped by change of weather, or other mysterious causes. If observed in time, they may be recovered by warmth, friction, and apparently by the unaccountable influence of the human hand; but if they hide their trouble they will be found dead. A stray duckling may lose itself in tall grass as in a jungle. A chick may be found drowned in an inch or two of water in a pan. At one time a hawk haunted us, and we either missed a chicken occasionally, or found it dropped, with a hole in its breast. Rats are to be expected wherever a lake or river is near; but they are easily disposed of by taking up a flag, and, when their runs are traced, putting down strychnine on bread and butter. Nowhere but under pavement should that poison be placed, because it may be swallowed by some other creature than a rat; but in a subterranean way it is very useful. We have never made war in that way, as some people do, against the sparrows and chaffinches, which really are a nuisance. Where a house is covered with ivy and climbing-plants, and sheltered by copses, and where fowls are fed in the open air, freebooting tribes of birds will be encroaching and audacious. We fear that a large portion of our good meal and grain goes to glut our enemies in the ivy and the trees. But what can we do? We make nets to cover our sprouting vegetables and ripening fruit; and that is all we can do. But about the accidents. The worst are from prowling cats. The ladies of the Four Acres lost eight chickens by cats in one night, and we have lost eight chickens by cats in one day. Such a thing as the destruction of poultry by the neighbors' cats ought never to happen when it is once known how easy prevention is. We educate our own cat, and that at the cottage; and if the neighbors would do the same, there would be and end everywhere to the loss and discontent and ill will which arise from this cause. When a cat is seen to catch a chicken, tie it round her neck, and make her wear it for two or three days. Fasten it securely; for she will make incredible efforts to get rid of it. Be firm for that time, and the cat is cured. She will never again desire so much a chick. This is what we do with our own cats, and what we recommend to our neighbors; and when they try the experiment, they and their pets are secure from reproach and danger henceforth. Wild, homeless, hungry, ragged, savage cats are more difficult to catch; but they are outlaws, and may be shot with the certainty that all neighbors will be thankful.

My entire poultry-yard, except a few of the old hens on the perches, was in danger of destruction by an accident one summer night, and was saved by what I cannot but consider a remarkable exercise of energy on the part of my companion, M——. Few persons in the north of England will ever forget the thunder-storm on the night of the 24th of July, 1857. At 11, P. M., the rain came down in one sheet, instantly flooding the level ground to the depth of more than a foot, and the continuous thunder seemed to crash on one's very skull, while the blue lightning never intermitted for two seconds for above an hour. The heat was almost intolerable. Our maids, however, who keep very early hours, were sleeping through it all, when M—— escorted me (very feeble from illness) up-stairs, settled me with my book in my easy-chair, and bade me good-night.

Presently I drew up a window-blind, to see the lightning better from my seat. In the midst of its blue blazes there was, more than once, a yellow flicker on the window-frame which I could not understand. I went to look out, and saw a yellow light whisking about far below, sometimes in the quarry, and then mounting or descending the terrace steps. It was M——, saving the fowls. She would not allow the maids, who were stirring enough now, to go out straight from their beds into the storm; and she knew it was useless to call the man from the cottage, who was a mere encumbrance on critical occasions. In fact, he and his wife were at that moment entirely persuaded that the end of the world was come. It was no form of speech, but their real conviction; and it could not have been asked of them to care about ducks and chickens. The maids were lighting a fire in the back-kitchen, and strewing the floor with straw, while M—— was out in a dress which could not be spoiled, lantern, basket and apron. Some of the hens and chickens were too cramped to move, sitting in the water. Some were taking refuge in the shrubs. Two ducklings were dead, and two more died afterwards. M—— went again and again, and to both the poultry-yards, and brought up forty fowls,—all that were in danger, every one of which would have been dead before morning. Of course she had not a dry thread about her, nor a dry hair on her head; but the wetting was a trifle in comparison with the bewildering effect of the thunder and lightning in such a midnight. She did not suffer for it more or less, and our poultry-yard was saved. The poor fowls were dried and rubbed, and made comfortable on their straw. A few were delicate for a little while; but only five died in all. It was not the pecuniary loss which M—— dreaded, but the destruction of her whole school of dependants, and the total discouragement which must have followed such a catastrophe. If the deluge had destroyed the colony that night, we should have had no more to tell of our poultry-yard. As it is, we have contemplated the proceedings of our hens and broods ever since with a stranger interest than ever before.

When a neighbor here and there said, "*I* would have let all the fowls of the air perish before I would have gone out on such a night," we think these friends of ours have yet to learn the pleasure and true interests of a rural charge, like that of a poultry-yard.

This is an impression often renewed in regard, not only to the poultry-yard, but to all the interests involved in a genuine country life. The ladies of the Four Acre Farm tell us of a visitor of theirs who could not conceive that women who can make butter could care for books. She wondered at their subscribing to Mudie's. This is, to be sure, the very worst piece of ignorance of country life and its influences that I ever read of; but it is only an exaggeration of a sentiment very common in both town and country. Some country as well as town gentry may say to us miniature farmers, "What is the use of so much doing for so little profit? A few shillings, or a few pounds, or a certain degree of domestic comfort and luxury,—this is all; and is it worth while?"

"No, this is not all," we reply. When we say what more there is, it will be for others to decide for themselves whether it is worth while to use small portions of land, or to leave them undeveloped. It is a grave and yet a cheerful consideration that the maintenance of our man and his wife is absolutely created by our plan of living; and it is worth something that the same may be said of several animals which are called into existence by it. As for ourselves and our servants, our domestic luxuries are the smallest benefit we derive from our out door engagements. We should under no circumstances be an idle household. We have abundance of social duties and literary pleasures, in parlor and kitchen; but these are promoted, and not hindered, by our out-door interests. The amount of knowledge gained by actual handling of the earth and its productions, and by personal interest in the economy of agriculture, even on the smallest scale, is greater than any inconsiderate person would suppose; and the exercise of a whole range of faculties on practical objects, which have no sordidness in them, is a valuable and most agreeable method of adult education.

Whoever grows anything feels a new interest in everything that grows; and, as to the mood of mind in which the occupation is pursued, it is, to town-bred women, singularly elevating and refining. To have been reared in a farm-house, remote from society and books, and ignorant of everything beyond the bounds of the parish, is one thing; and to pass from an indolent or a literary life in town to rural pursuits, adopted with a purpose, is another. In the first case, the state of mind may be narrow, dull, and coarse; in the latter, it should naturally be expansive, cheery, and elevated. The genuine poetry of man and nature invests an intellectual and active life in the open universe of rural scenery. If listless young ladies from any town in England could witness the way in which hours slip by in tending the garden, and consulting about the crops, and gathering fruit and flowers, they would think there must be something in it more than they understand. If they would but try their hand at making a batch of butter, or condescend to gather eggs, and court acquaintance with hens and their broods, or assume the charge of a single nest, from the hen taking her seat to the maturity of the brood, they would find that life has pleasures for them that they know not of,—pleasures that have as much "romance" and "poetry" about them as any book in Mudie's library. "But the time!" say some. "How can you spare the time?" Well! what is it? People must have bodily exercise, in town or country, or they cannot live in health, if they can live at all. Why should country folk have nothing better than the constitutional walk which is the duty and pleasure of townsfolk? Sometimes there is not half an-hour's occupation in the field or garden in the day; and then is the occasion for an extended ramble over the hills. On other days, two, three, four hours slip away, and the morning is gone unawares: and why not? The things done are useful; the exercise is healthful and exhilarating;—in every way at least as good as a walk for health's sake; and there is the rest of the day for books, pen, and needle. The fact is, outdoor amusements leave abundance of time, and ever renewed energy for the life of books, the pen, and domestic and social offices of duty and love.

Let those ladies whose lot it is to live in the country, consider whether they shall lead a town or a country life there. A town life in the country is perhaps the lowest of all. It is having eyes which see not, ears which hear not,—and minds which do not understand. A lady who had lived from early childhood in a country house, politely looked into my poultry-yard when it was new, and ran after me with a warm compliment.

"What a beautiful hen you have there;—what beautiful long feathers in its tail!"

"Why, S——," said I, "that is the cock."

"Oh—oh—oh!" said she, "I did not know."

Mr. Howitt tells us somewhere of a guest of his, who, seeing a goose and her fourteen goslings on a common, thought it must be very exhausting to the bird to suckle so many young ones. To women who do not know a cock from a hen, or green crops from white, or fruit-trees from forest-trees, or how to produce herb, flower, root, or fruit from the soil, it would be new life to turn up the ground which lies about them. Miniature farming would, in that very common case, not only create the material subsistence of the servants employed, but develope the mind and heart of the employer. This, and not the money made, is the true consideration when the question arises—What shall a woman do with two or four acres?

A TERRIBLE HARM.—A young Armenian friend of mine, whose family have been suddenly reduced to poverty, is an excellent musician. He gives lessons. The wives of some of the pashas employ him. He finds them closely veiled, and attended by eunuchs. But when the lesson is long, the eunuchs get tired, and go into the next room and sleep on the divan. Thereupon the ladies unveil, and amuse themselves by teasing him, for he is a married man with children, and has no desire for the romance of an intrigue, or, indeed, for its danger. One of them gave him a rose. "Pig," she said to him, "do you know what that means? It means that I love you, Pig." "Pig," said another, "you do not look at us. Are we not handsome?" And very handsome he says some of them are; but he looks at them as little as he can, and with fear and trembling. In a harem anything can be done; if the eunuchs should wake up, he might never be heard of again.—*Turkey and Greece.*

RALLERY.—A story is told of the great French satirist, which finely illustrates his knowledge of human nature. He was travelling in Germany, in entire ignorance of its language and currency. Having obtained small change for some of his French coins, he used to pay coachmen and others in the following manner: Taking a handful of the mysterious numismatical specimens from his pocket, he counted them one by into his creditor's hand, keeping his eyes fixed all the while on the receiver's face. As soon as he perceived the least twinkle of a smile, he took back the coin last deposited in the hand, and returned it, with the remainder, to his pocket. He afterwards found that in pursuing this method he had scarcely ever paid for anything.

☞ Mediocrity is always disgusting, except perhaps, mediocrity of stature in a woman.

☞ "Why does father call mother honey?" asked a boy of his elder brother. "Can't tell, 'cept it's because she's got a large comb in her head."

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 1, 11, 9, 14, 6, was a Christian priest and physician who flourished early in the 17th century.

My 2, 8, 3, was an eminent American patriot.

My 3, 2, 16, 11, 13, was a celebrated Jewish rabbi, native of Germany.

My 4, 8, 9, 4, 3, 12, was King of Persia and son of Darius Hystaspes.

My 5, 3, 6, 4, 16, 12, was a Spanish painter, who was born at Madrid in 1625.

My 6, 8, 2, 10, 14, 15, was a distinguished naval commander.

My 7, 14, 9, 5, 10, was a poet who was born at Paris in 1734, and died in 1780.

My 8, 2, 2, 16, 12, was a naturalist, born in London in 1710, and died in 1776.

My 9, 8, 3, 7, was a patriot of the American revolution.

My 10, 8, 13, 13, 14, was one of the greatest of the Italian poets.

My 11, 7, 10, 13, 14, 15, was a celebrated botanist, born in 1727 at Aix.

My 12, 1, 7, 16, was one of the most celebrated of the Persian poets.

My 13, 5, 4, 14, was a historian and antiquary, born in the 12th century.

My 14, 10, 16, 13, was a distinguished American statesman.

My 15, 14, 2, 2, 8, 10, was a French natural philosopher, born in 1700 at Pimyre.

My 16, 12, 2, 5, was a Spanish Jesuit, born in 1714 at Segovia.

My whole was an Italian poet, who was born in 1345 at Modena. J. GREENMAN.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 3, 6, 19, 11, is a county in Pennsylvania.

My 10, 5, 21, 20, 14, 13, 6, is a division of Europe.

My 21, 19, 16, 3, is a river in Africa.

My 15, 7, 9, 5, 4, 5, is a river in the United States.

My 17, 12, 19, 21, is a city in Europe.

My 4, 5, 4, 5, is a city of Africa.

My 10, 17, 12, 15, 21, is a lake in North America.

My 13, 6, 21, 11, is a lake in Ireland.

My 3, 18, 21, 5, is a mountain in Sicily.

My 9, 13, 6, 12, 7, 12, is a mountain in the Antartic Continent.

My 15, 2, 19, 20, is one of the United States.

My 8, 5, 12, 20, 11, is a group of islands north of Scotland.

My whole is one of the most important events in the history of the United States. E. K.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is the name of a fish,
Of an insect, and a plant,
You soon can guess it if you wish,
Although your clue is scant.

My second means quite near,
'Tis a word of letters three;
And one which many people hear,
For it's used on land and sea.

Isles and capes are land,
While gulfs are formed of water;
To guess my whole, pray understand,
That is is one of the latter.

Pequea, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One semi-circle,
And a circle complete;
A triangle standing
Erect on two feet;
Three-fourths of a cross,
And I am complete.

Lincoln Co., Ky. PLANET.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a four-footed beast of the earth,
And beyond all dispute is its value and worth;
My second's a part of our bodily frame,
'Tis not easy a part more important to name
My third every schoolboy knows well where to find,
When the foliage is yellow, and summer's declined.
My whole in the parks of the great will be found,
Where bread is the shade that is caste on the ground.

ANAGRAMS

On Counties in the United States.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I will Sam	O ran Tom
I rule Tom	Aim Ned
Try em on Mog	Hit on Mal
Tis Mum	Wast tody

East Liverpool, O. MYLIO.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

How many equal circles of any diameter can at the same time touch a central one of the same diameter? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is that which no man wants, but which, if any man has, he would not part with for untold wealth? Ans.—A bald head.

☞ Why is an invalid, cured by sea-bathing, like a confined criminal? Ans.—Because he is sea-cured (secured.)

☞ Why is mist the poetry of nature? Ans.—Because when it falls upon the earth and freezes it forms rime.

☞ Why is a man leaving an omnibus full of ladies like a convalescent child? Ans.—Because he is getting out of the (w)hoops.

☞ What is the difference between a butcher and a young lady? Ans.—The former kills to dress, while the latter dresses to kill.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

COUNTY ENIGMA.—The Milwaukie and Mississippi Railroad in Wisconsin. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—The Lake of the Dismal Swamp. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMAS.—Barnstable.—RIDDLE.—Blair (hair air). CHARADE.—Sentenceship. GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.—Algiers, Athens, Orleans, Scotland, Ireland, Denmark, Portugal, Sweden, Caroline, Denmark.—PROBLEM.—26.8036 oz. silver; 24.1954 gold.

☞ According to the articles of war, it is death to stop a cannon ball.